"PENNSYLVANIA IN REVIEW"

MARCH 27, 1937

We the People

GEORGE H WIRT
215 N 17TH ST
CAMP HILL PA
CUMB CO
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APPROPRIATIONS' COHEN
A vital cog in the legislative machine
(See Legislature.)

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In This Issue . . . .

Eventually, Why Not Now?

PENNA. CAVES: LORE AND LEGENDS

WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead—17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No—not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, an organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

We the People

"PENNSYLVANIA IN REVIEW"

WM. J. DOUGHERTY, *Business Manager* — EDWARD NOEL JONES, *Publisher* — REED McROBERTS, *Editor*

VOL. 2, No. 12 — HARRISBURG, PA. — MARCH 27, 1937

LETTERS

Anesthetist Priestley

To the Editors:

I have just been reading the March 20th number of WE THE PEOPLE and am especially interested in the Joseph Priestley article. It is particularly well written and, of course, to a physician is interesting.

One thing that might have been mentioned is that right here in Pennsylvania, in fact, within ten miles of us here, there lived for many years a man who had discovered not only oxygen but nitrous oxide, and knew of its anesthetic properties, yet failed to realize what a tremendous gift he could have made to humanity if he had properly demonstrated its pain-relieving qualities. Nitrous oxide did not come into use until about 1880, although it was well known to chemists after Priestley's discovery. Of course, today it is in daily use in hospitals the world over.

H. L. FOSS, M.D.
Surgeon-in-Chief,
Geisinger Memorial Hospital,
Danville, Pa.

To Dr. Foss, head of famed Geisinger Hospital, thanks for an interesting medical sidelight on one of Pennsylvania's most notable early scientists.—The Editors.

Utility Bill Penalties

To the Editors:

State Secretary of the Commonwealth Lawrence's blast against utilities forcing customers to post deposits for service obtainable only through these state-created monopolies, it is hoped, is the opening gun in a drive to clean up many utility malpractices.

May I suggest, however, that a greater crime being committed upon Pennsylvanians than the aforementioned deposits has to do with penalties inflicted upon delinquent customers.

I pay my bills on the 1st and 15th. My phone, light, and gas bills are due apparently on any odd date that suits the utility. Numerous times through oversight I have been compelled to pay 10 percent penalty for paying my bills a day or two later than specified.

Ten percent a month adds up to 120 percent a year. No finance company, no hock shop, no heavy handed usurer hopes for any more. Yet these penalties apparently are legal under the law.

This is the sort of thing our Public Service Commission has agreed to. It is with joy and jubilation that I add my voice to the multitude urging legislators to "Toss the Rascals Out."

J. JENKINS.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Governor & Gatineau

To the Editors:

Was attracted to your magazine of issue of March 13 when you had a picture of Billy Gallagher and a story about him. Billy and I are old friends.

Enclosing our mid-winter sheet which may interest you. Should you want good pictures of the Governor and his party, see Mr. J. Hale Steinman, of Lancaster, Pa.

Wishing you continued success.

JOHN J. KILCOYNE.
President,
Gatineau Rod & Gun Club,
Maniwaki, Quebec.

President Kilcoyne of the Gatineau Rod & Gun Club lives in Tunkhannock, Pa., during the summer, is at Maniwaki, Quebec, Canada, from May 15 to November 1. Says his "sheet," the *Gatineau News:*

"Early in the evening of July 17 the beautiful silver amphibian of Governor George H. Earle of Pennsylvania dropped out of the Southern sky bringing that nature-loving executive of the Keystone State to the Gatineau.

"We met the Governor's plane, the first to come to Gatineau Rod & Gun Club, at Clearwater Lake with canoes and a truck which transported the party to the club house . . . With the Governor were Charles J. Margiotti of Harrisburg, Joseph A. Cunningham, Arthur W. Howe, S. Weston Scott, Camile Vinet, all of Harrisburg; J. Hale Steinman, Lancaster; James D. Condon, Pittsburgh; H. P. Spencer, New York.

"On the evening before their departure a real old-fashioned party was held . . . The Indian guides furnished the music . . . The Governor enjoyed the moose-calling of the guides. We found Governor Earle a real outdoor man."—The Editors.

Game Birds

To the Editors:

I have always wanted to help feed and raise game birds. Recently I read a story in WE THE PEOPLE on hatching Ringneck Pheasant eggs and millet.

Please tell me how I can get some eggs and more about this work.

TOBIAS G. DAVIS.
Montgomery R. D. 2, Pa.

Reader Davis and any other game bird lover may apply for pheasant eggs for hatching through his County Game Protector or directly to the Game Commission at Harrisburg. While all applications of this nature were due on March 15, an exception may be made if the local sportsmen's association sponsors the application. Standing broom corn, Kaffir corn and millet provide excellent winter food and cover for game. Information on their cultivation may be obtained from the same sources.—The Editors.

Fishing Licenses

To the Editors:

I am seventeen. I like to go fishing. There's a stream right around the corner from our house where I fish every year. Last fall, a warden told me that I needed a license. It costs $1.60 here.

My mother is a seamstress and cannot afford the money. (My Dad is dead.) Is there any way that I can fish without buying a license?

BILLY.
Williamsport, Pa.

Unfortunate indeed is the youthful fisherman who is required to purchase a license at sixteen. Not charged with any responsibility like the 16-year-old automobile driver or the hunter, young fishermen are required to take out licenses solely to make the law uniform. Most sportsmen's clubs, fortunately, have a fund for licenses for unfortunate youths. Perhaps Reader Billy will be lucky enough to find one in his own hometown.—The Editors.

Impartial Reviews

To the Editors:

Less than adequate is the Cinema section of otherwise distinguished newsmagazine WE THE PEOPLE. While it is enlightening to learn the plots of current movies, such information is not enough. So many things go to make a good picture that even after we know the story, we still don't know whether the picture is worth seeing.

From your leaning-over-backwards-to-be-impartial reviews, readers cannot hope to learn that one picture, despite a good story, was ruined by bad acting, while another, handicapped by a trite plot, was well-directed.

Movie reviewers, like judges, should have the courage of their convictions.

CINEMADDICT.
Johnstown, Pa.

Feminine Appeal

To the Editors:

WE THE PEOPLE has become a valuable source of information and entertainment for me. I had no idea that my state was such an interesting place to live in. I think that your magazine fills a definite need, and I like the unadorned way you have of spilling facts.

But why don't you put more material in your magazine that will appeal to women? It seems to me that most of your articles are calculated to interest men. Long pages on political and sociological questions and hunting and fishing departments and business stories. What is there for a clubwoman like myself, or for housewives and farmers' wives? I'd like to see a Woman's page, with reports of the latest fashions and a recipe department. If such a page were written in WE THE PEOPLE'S inimitable style, it would attract many women readers. And statisticians report that we women do 85 percent of all purchasing, you know.

Not that women have no concern with current affairs. They do. But such a concern is apt to be a passive one.

I like to read your entertaining movie column, and your piece about divorce (cost: $160) this week almost induced me to break off with my husband. Here's for more articles with feminine appeal.

(Mrs.) YVONNE CHAPELL.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Ably Handled"

To the Editors:

I desire to thank you for the story in this week's issue of WE THE PEOPLE on the Unemployment Compensation Division of the Department of Labor and Industry. I think the story was very ably handled and will you please extend my congratulations for the skillful handling of it to the members of your editorial staff.

It is through the co-operation of papers of your kind that we hope to reach the citizens of Pennsylvania who should have a more thorough knowledge of the purposes of the Unemployment Compensation Law as well as their responsibilities and obligations under it.

Today I approved a request to have your publication mailed to us every week because I feel that it may contain articles of a similar nature that should be read by members of this department.

Yours very truly,
RALPH M. BASHORE.
Secretary,
Department of Labor and Industry.

"Disgrace"

To the Editors:

What with 5-cent trolley fares, and utility battles, and a general cleanup of the mess left by the unlamented Mayor McNair, Pittsburgh city officials have plenty to keep them occupied these days.

But after the present business is disposed of, I believe the logical problem for them to tackle is a renovation of the Pittsburgh waterfronts which in my opinion are a disgrace to the city, and a terrible reminder of the careless, slipshod type of management that has characterized past administrations.

The papers here print an occasional editorial condemning these awful conditions, but I believe they have become so accustomed to them that they fail to realize how completely filthy and ugly the riverfronts actually are. I believe you would be doing Pittsburghers a great favor if you would print a group of pictures and a story showing how bad the wharves now are and possibly suggesting what might be done to improve them.

Sincerely,
MRS. IDA HARTFORD.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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WE THE PEOPLE

. . . of . . .

ROCKVIEW

FEEL · THINK · SAY

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As Recorded By

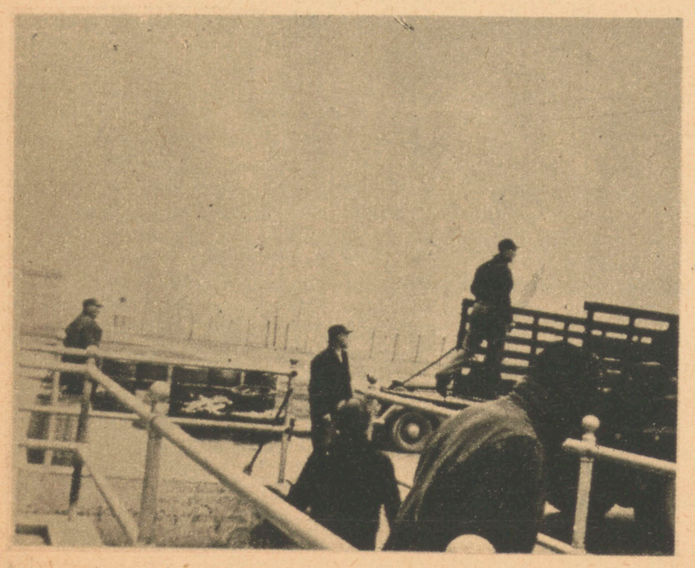
THE WANDERING REPORTER

SUPERINTENDENT:

(A heavily-built smartly-dressed man with pince nez and waxed moustache. His voice is both strong and suave.)

This is what is known as a minimum security institution. That is, we don't keep the men penned behind thick prison walls. They have a better chance to run away than they would from a maximum security institution like the Western Penitentiary in Pittsburgh. But only an infinitesmal percentage ever make the break. Of those who do hardly any ever escape being caught. Six tried it last year, but we brought them back in no time. In the last five years there has been only one man who made a successful break. The only place a man can hide is in the mountains and he'll starve there. As soon as he comes down to a road or town, he'll be caught. There's a $50 reward for every escaped prisoner and the farmers around here all know it. Whenever they hear our whistle blow, the farmer reaches for his shot-gun and his wife reaches for the Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

But most of our men never think about running away. The only thing on their minds is parole. We get the better type of criminal here—those who are eligible for parole. Big-time gangsters or habitual offenders who couldn't be trusted in a place like this are not allowed here—they have to stay in Pittsburgh. It would be downright stupid for any of our men to risk a three year sentence for jailbreak when any month or so he might be released on parole.



UNLOADING TRUCKS

"We get a better type of prisoners here."

Supposedly intelligent people have often told me that we make it too comfortable for the prisoners at Rockview. They say that the prisoners like it here so much they don't regard it as punishment and often prefer staying here. Whenever I hear that argument, I answer it like this: "Suppose I put *you* in the most expensive room at the Nittany Lion. You'd have a radio in your room, and adjoining bath and meals served in bed. And then suppose I kept you there without allowing you to leave. Would you enjoy it or not? Wouldn't you prefer to be outside?" It's the same thing with Rockview, although we give the prisoners only what is necessary for a normal life. We don't coddle them, but we treat them humanely and try to readjust them.

One funny thing about this place—it looks so nice from the road that lots of travelers, headed for State College, drive in thinking this is the college. You should see the look on their faces when they learn it's the penitentiary!

• • •

PRISON BARBER:

(Shirtless, muscular, tattooed.)

Sometime a fellow will treat you to cigars or icecream—if you do a special job. Usually I don't get paid nothin'. I cut about four or five heads a day an' then at night I fix up some of the guards. But I'm never paid for it. Just get my regular 10 cents a day salary like everybody else.

I've served about eighteen years in jail already. The first was for robbery. While I was in the pen, I had an argument with another guy, a so-called friend of mine. This mug tries to start a fight with me in the messhall. But I know it's against the rules to fight so I won't have nothin' to do with him. Then one day I'm walkin' down the corridor an' he slugs me over the head with a pipe. Opened up a cut that took seven stitches an' gave me hemorrhages. So I piles on top of 'im an' knocks the stuffins out of 'im. Well, when I got out on parole I knew this mug was gunnin' for me. Naturally, I had to carry a gun for protection. And one night when me an' my partner was attendin' a prize fight in New York the cops pulled us in for carryin' concealed weapons. That meant ten years in Sing Sing. When I finished that, I had to come back here an' serve five more years o' my first sentence —since I'd been arrested while on parole.

NEW EASTERN PENITENTIARY

ROCKVIEW

The New Eastern Penitentiary at Rockview is situated in the Nittany Mountain range only a few miles from State College. Twenty-three years old, it covers 7,000 acres—of which almost two-thirds is devoted to farming. It boasts of 63 buildings in all, a modern dairy, a poultry farm, a saw-mill and a quarry. Capacity: 750 prisoners. Present population: 817. Of this number 151 are serving time for homicide, 128 for sexual crimes, the remainder for crimes against property.

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GUARD:

(Wears mustard-colored uniform and cap cocked on back of head.)

See those mirrors at the end of each hallway? I can stand at one end of the cell block and see everything that's going on around the next corner. Well, that mirror is focussed on the mirror at the next corner, so I can see the whole horseshoe. One more of those things and I could see the back of my own neck!

Every penitentiary has them now. They're necessary if you want to control gambling and degeneracy. We don't allow card games because card games mean fights and fights can become pretty dangerous in a place where there are so many farm tools around that could be used as weapons. But the prisoners try to get around it by smuggling cards in or making them out of paper. When they have a game on, they post a lookout in the corridor. Well, I can look into one of the mirrors and if I see someone who's been leaning casual-like against a radiator suddenly move away when I approach the corner, I know he's the lookout. Usually, though, when I enter a cell where I know a card game's been going on, I find the

men reading the Bible. If I can spot the deck of cards, the offenders are sent to the lock-up.

There's such a thing as "prison pride," you know. The bank-robbers and the voluntary murderers are the ones looked up to. Stick-up men and accidental murderers are low on the social scale. Sex criminals are generally regarded as scum by the rest of the inmates. "Ratting" is the worst crime a prisoner can commit—unless it's "ratting" about a sexual degenerate. But anyone who speaks to a "screw"—that is, a guard—is regarded by the others as a squealer.

Lots of prisoners have a better sense of humor than the "screws." I remember once when a guard was yelling out a long list of prisoners' numbers. Just as he finished up, one of the prisoners called out "Bingo!" The guard got mad and tried to find out who did it. What he should have done is just laughed with the rest of them.

GOING TO THE FIELDS

"Some of our cows here are real champions."

• • •

RHEUMATIC MURDERER:

(Heavy-set, half-bald, he lies in bed at the prison hospital, ravenously devours his afternoon meal served on aluminum plates, talks between swallows.)

Yep, I killed my wife—and all over a measly fifteen dollars! Here's the way it happened. I was working on the railroad one day at the Mesta steel plant in Homestead and had my leg badly hurt. They paid me a few dollars a week but my wife didn't like that and we got in lots of fights. Then I took to drink. One day I found out that she had stolen fifteen dollars from the people we were rooming with and I lost control of myself. So I killed her. Just like all of those things happen, the moment I did it I regretted it.

I was entitled to three or four thousand dollars compensation for the leg, but when I was put in jail they told me they'd have to let the matter drop on that account. I expect to get out on parole in a month or so—then I'll try to settle up with the Mesta people.

• • •

DOCTOR:

I've only been here about a month—used to work in the Allegheny County Hospital—so I'm really not prepared as yet to make any statements about the hospital work here. I'm just getting things organized now, have plenty of personal problems to meet.

The sex question is something I won't talk about. The less said the better . . .

No, we don't feed the men saltpetre. That's outmoded—it doesn't work. All we can do is provide substitute outlets for the sexual impulses—like steady work and sports. But even these substitutes are not effective in all cases . . .

The health level here is exceptionally high for prisons. The reason is the clear mountain air and the healthy work they engage in. No, I don't believe in the idea of sterilizing criminals. That wouldn't solve the problem. Besides, how can the borderline be drawn between the petty or accidental criminal and the genuinely bad criminals?

• • •

RAPIST:

(Gray, deaf, meek and respectable looking—serving time for his second offense.)

I'm like the rest of them. All I think of is when I'll get out, but I wouldn't think of running away. I've been in jail nine years altogether. Charge was rape. Tell you the truth, I can't remember what the girl looked like or what her name was. She was eleven years old—that's all I can recall. I was pretty bad on the moonshine those days. It was during Prohibition but you know as well as I do that you could get all you wanted. The girl didn't really object at all and for the life of me I can't imagine who it was that had me arrested.

I work in the kitchen. My job's cutting bread. It's good food here—the best I ever had in all my life.

• • •

ROBBER:

(Red-haired, serious looking—works in the prison dairy.)

Don't ask me how much longer I've got—it's plenty. But I'm learning how to be a farmer in the meantime and when I get out hope to settle down to it. Isn't this a pretty cow here? Look, she wants her neck scratched—like this! (Scratches neck of black-and-white Holstein heifer.) She's about three years old now—had a calf a few weeks ago. We don't let them calve too early, because calves from young heifers are never good milkers.

Some of our cows here are real champions. (Points to chart of day's milking.) Here's one that gave thirty pounds at a shot. Number ten twenty gave a hundred and five pounds one day last week. All together they average about four thousand a week. The night milk is sent to Pittsburgh for use in other institutions. The day milk belongs to us.

WALKING TO WORK

"Lots of prisoners have a better sense of humor than the 'screws.'"

• • •

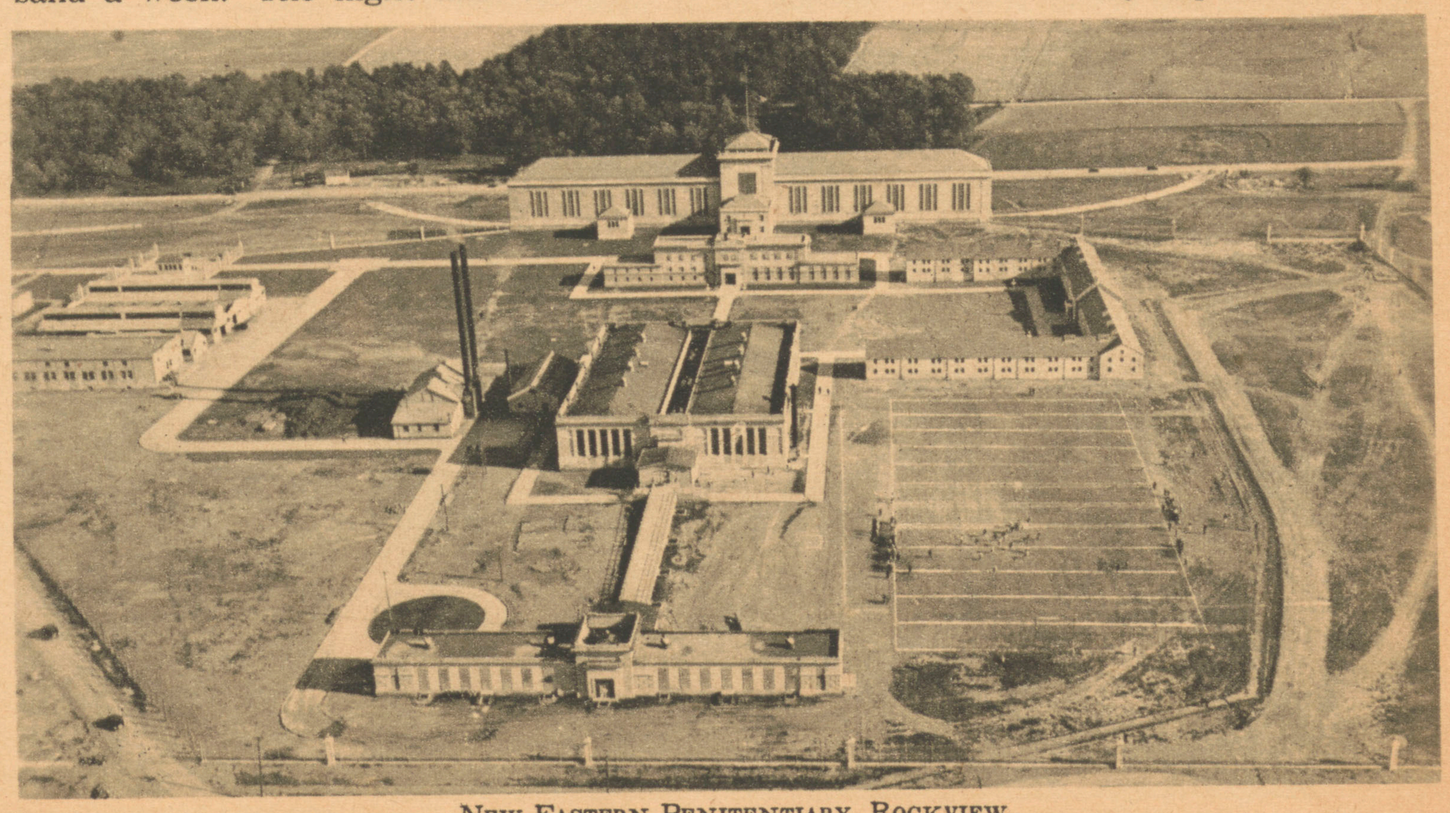
PRISON ARTIST:

(Boyish, sensitive, level-headed.)

I wouldn't be here if I hadn't got mixed up in some stupid "hex" affair when I was fourteen. I was so ignorant then I believed everything people told me and let these two other fellows drag me along to get a hex book away from a fellow by the name of Rehmyer, who was supposed to have "hexed" one of these fellow's fields. He wouldn't give us the book, so we tried to get a lock of his hair instead. He put up a fight and was killed. I don't believe in that magic stuff anymore—it's all a lot of baloney.

Before coming here I served almost eight years in the Eastern Penitentiary. I met a fellow there by the name of Claude D'aris, who had studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He taught me all about painting and while I was there I did a lot of portraits of prisoners. I've only been here a few months, but I've already painted a landscape from the superintendent's office — it's hanging on the wall in there right now. If I'm still here during the summer, I hope to do lots of landscapes out on the mountains. The scenery is really gorgeous in these parts.

I'm aching to get out, though. Eight years is a long time for a young fellow. The question of my commutation is coming up before the board on March 24th and I'm too nervous even to think about it. If it comes through, I'm going to go into the cheese business with my step-father.



NEW EASTERN PENITENTIARY, ROCKVIEW

It looks so nice, some people mistake it for Penn State.

"ALL GUNS ARE LOADED"

Game Code to Penalize Carelessness With Firearms; Herewith a Picture Story of "Don'ts" For Gunners

By CHARLES K. FOX

THE great majority of hunters who roam the fields and woods are perfectly qualified to carry and shoot firearms. But there are those few who come under the hunter category who are not only a menace to any who get within their range, but who frequently endanger their own lives. Although this group is small, it may be divided into several classifications.

Drinkers. There are those few who believe that there is only one way to have a good time, and that is by getting good and wet on the inside. As soon as the vacation officially starts, and they get away from home or work, the cork flies off. Now these fellows have different means to accomplish their ends. It may be a hunting party, it may be a little angling, it may be a trip to a deer camp or a little deep sea fishing at the bay. At any rate, these are some of the good excuses to break away from civilization and get full of the spirits of the occasion. As far as the rest of the hunters are concerned these fellows are not objectionable until they step into the fields and woods with their shot guns and rifles or get out on the highways, particularly the narrow mountain roads, in their cars.

"Babes in the Woods." Another group of the would-be Nimrods might be classified as the "babes in the woods." A gun is borrowed, a recognized hunter is persuaded to lead the way to green pastures, and the neophyte is adorned in nice new hunting regalia. One day several of us drove up to a man's barn-yard on a farm where we were going to hunt. We were met by our good friend the owner. After joking several minutes with us and talking about the game on the place that year, he called one of our number aside for a confidential little talk which ran something like this:

"Say, Bill," says the farmer, "do you think I better bring my cattle into the barn; are they safe out there in the field? When that fat fellow got out of the car I heard him ask if he had the right gun. I never saw such a nice new outfit in all my life. And to top it off he has his hunting license put on his back with diaper pins. When you get down there to the stream take him to the place where the plank goes across because sure as the Devil he'll step in a hole and go in over his boot tops." Since that day our big friend has hunted a number of times on that farm. Although the farmer sized him up correctly on that initial trip he would never venture such a thought again.

When one of our babies goes hunting he throws certain fears into the hearts of those around him. Woe be unto the dog that gets too close to the rabbit. Woe be unto the gun that is in these hands. Woe be unto the big game hunters if one of this kind gets lost. Yet if common sense is employed by the rankest beginner all these dangers are eliminated.

Targets. Many a boy has a great desire to get out and shoot some game or at least get out and shoot a gun. He is bound to make mistakes and pick wrong targets. To him it may seem perfectly harmless to walk around not having his gun on safe. It may not enter his head that when he shoots into the water he is killing some form of valuable life and breaking the law.

IT'S SURPRISING: What you can hit without taking aim. The chap above may blow his friend's face off.

It may seem harmless enough to shoot a song bird, but that may not be the end of the story. Possibly there is a nest full of little ones whose lives depend upon this old mother bird. The boy probably prizes his gun very highly, but he may not know that it needs cleaning after use. For the most part the training of the younger generation is a matter of education which is up to the seniors. Here is a job for parents, scoutmasters, camp directors and sportsmen.

Know Your Gun. The beginner should know his gun. He should take it apart and examine it. If he can't get it together again the sporting goods store will take care of that. At all times he should know his directions. It is wise to carry a compass. The man who hunts in the mountains must learn to use landmarks, the sun and streams as direction guides. He should not depend too much on others to lead him around.

It is remarkable how the human mind sometimes reacts when its owner has become lost in the mountains. We once heard of a young boy who became separated from his father and the rest of the party on one of the early days of a deer season. The boy had to spend the night alone in the woods. Although the weather was comparatively mild and the boy had matches, during his plight he became temporarily insane. The following morning when he was discovered by his party he would not join them but fled like a wild animal. He would not listen to the pleadings of his father. The boy was fast and strong and it required many hours to catch him; after that it was necessary to take him home by force. Similar tales as this, and some are true, are told at the deer camps.

Common Sense. Too many believe that there is great mystery and a vast gift of knowledge endowed to a chosen few who are known to be great hunters. That is not true. It is all a matter of common sense. Most of the so-called tricks are gained through experience and keen observation. The more of a science or study you make of hunting, the more genuine pleasure and satisfaction it will bring. The difference in the amount of signs the old-timer can read and those noticed by a beginner is often tremendous, but this is not always true. The habits of game must be investigated if hunting success is to be enjoyed.

Carelessness. Another group of offenders are those who are reckless, careless and indifferent. These are the fellows who shoot, then look. These are the fellows who don't remove shells from guns. These are the fellows who point a gun in any direction. These are the fellows whose "unloaded" guns are always going off. About the only way to protect these hunters against themselves and to protect all the other hunters against this dangerous element is by the enactment of certain laws.

RULE NO. 1: Never point a gun at yourself or anyone else. "All guns are loaded." This gentleman may never get into his boat.

MESSY SUICIDE: Anyone who pulls a gun through a fence might be called a potential suicide.

Last fall the small game hunting season in Pennsylvania started at 9 o'clock in the morning on the opening day instead of the old time, sunrise. There were two reasons for this—and one was to eliminate accidents. Statistics show that there were far too many casualties early the opening morning, some of which injured children going to school. The other reason was to permit the farmer to finish his morning chores and still give him time to join in the hunt with everyone else.

New Game Code. Between the sportsmen, the Game Commission and certain legislators a game code has been drawn up. This omnibus bill has been introduced and is now in the hands of the Committee on Game in the House of Representatives. In this act is an article pertaining to safety regulations governing hunting, to protect hunters against themselves and other hunters, as well as anyone who might be in the hunting section.

Penalties. Included in the proposed legislation are the following: It is unlawful to hunt while intoxicated or under the influence of narcotics. The fine upon conviction shall be $50 and costs. Loaded shot guns and rifles can not legally be carried in a car or any other conveyance. A gun with shells or cartridges in the magazine, even though the barrel is empty, is considered loaded. The proposed fine is $25. At the meeting of the State Federation of Sportsmen, that group recommended in addition to the fine there should be confiscation of the car and firearm.

It proposes a $25 fine for shooting at game while it is on a public highway, or shooting across a highway. In the past, there have been a great many hunters who frequently take a position in a tree while hunting deer or bear. The bill as drawn up would make it illegal to shoot from trees, poles and towers, and with it goes a $25 fine. This has been the cause of numerous accidents. The territory within 200 yards of buildings or camps is known as a safety zone, and it is unlawful to discharge a firearm within this territory. The fine in this instance, with a conviction, is $25 and costs.

It is unlawful for more than five small game hunters to hunt in unison or to co-operate in any manner. The fine is $5 per member of the party. Target practice with firearms while hunting big game must be done so that the bullet can not travel more than fifteen yards beyond the target aimed at and this must be done within 200 yards of the camp.

It is also illegal to shoot in the general direction of any person, or of any game for the purpose of turning or frightening. Anyone violating either of these provisions is subject to a $10 fine. The fine for shooting at a person in mistake for game is $100 to $300 if he or she is not hit, plus a license suspension of two years. If the person is wounded the fine is two to five hundred dollars and a license suspension of five years. In the event that the person is mortally wounded, the penalty is from $500 to $1000 fine, a jail sentence of from two to five years and a ten-year revocation of the license.

Reporting Injuries. All injuries, whether inflicted upon oneself or upon another, must be reported within seventy-two hours on regular forms provided for that purpose. The fine is from $5 to $50. Hit-and-run shooters are subject to a fine of $100 and a suspension of their license for ten years. Anyone convicted more than once of any of these provisions shall be sentenced to pay a fine twice the amount stipulated in the article.

Most, if not all, of these proposals will probably be enacted into law and undoubtedly the result will be safer hunting for all. A piece of game is infinitesimal compared to a human life or human misery.

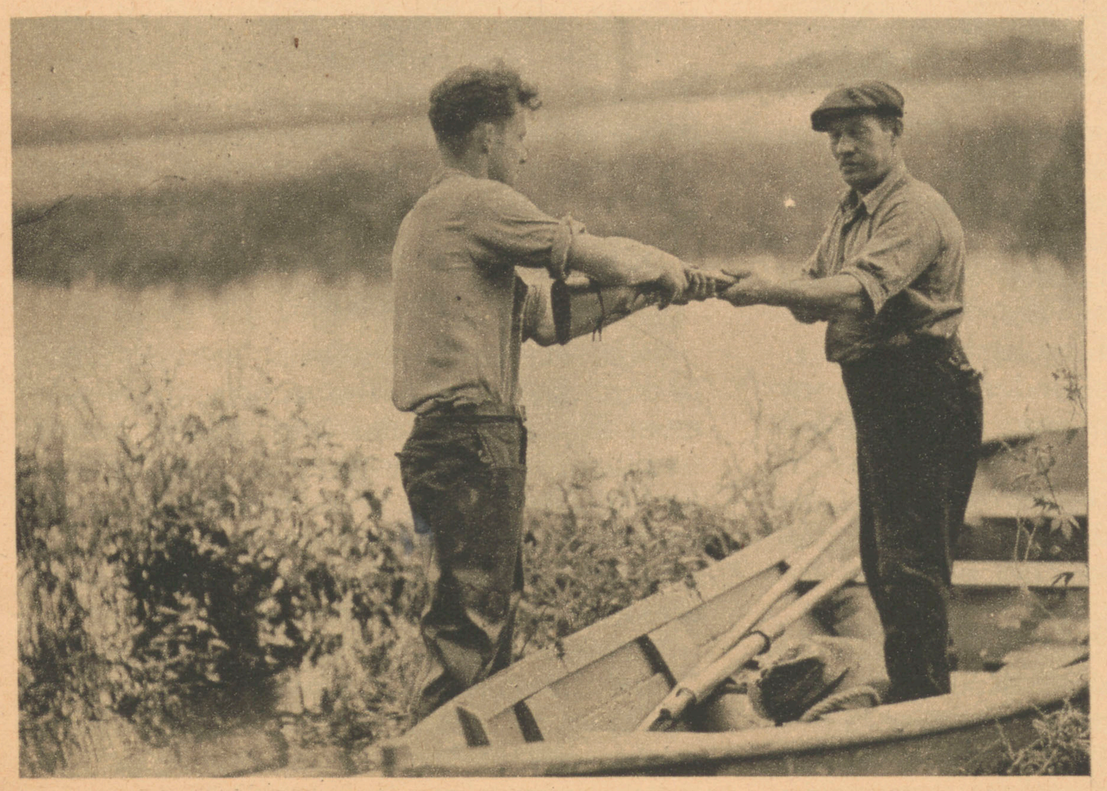
RULES GUNNERS SHOULD REMEMBER

Don't load a gun until you are actually hunting.
Keep your gun on safe until ready to shoot.
Never point a gun at any person.
Don't carry a loaded gun in your car.
Don't shoot until you're sure.

NO MAN'S LAND: Is the territory in front of a gunner. Stop, look—you may never listen again.

DANGEROUS GAME: These two are playing. Called "Maybe it's not loaded."

PLEASE, MISTER: If that trigger catches, you'll do no more hunting.



WITH ALL THE SKY to aim at, you have to pick your hunting partner for a target!

CURE FOR CORNS: Shoot off the toe. Doctors don't recommend this type of surgery.

EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW?

Present Prosperity Not Permanent; Means to Prevent Future Depressions Blocked by Reactionary Supreme Court

By UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH F. GUFFEY

"Here is one-third of a nation ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed—now!

"Here are thousands upon thousands of farmers wondering whether next year's prices will meet their mortgage interest—now!

"Here are thousands upon thousands of men and women laboring for long hours in factories with inadequate pay—now!

"Here are thousands upon thousands of children who should be at school, working in mines and mills—now!

"Here are strikes more far-reaching than we have ever known, costing millions of dollars—now!

"Here are spring floods threatening to roll again down our river valleys—now!

"Here is the dust bowl beginning to blow again—now!

"If we would keep faith with those who kept faith in us, if we would make democracy succeed, I say we must act—NOW!"
—President Roosevelt's first speech on the Supreme Court.

• • •

IN FOUR short years since that bleak March Day in 1933 when President Roosevelt took office, remarkable progress has been made in the United States and remarkable things have happened.

Business, led by automobiles and commodities, and with steel and the heavy industries following, has been hauled from the very brink of its grave—by the actions of a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President. Today our mills are so jammed with orders that even by working at top speed and with full shifts they cannot make deliveries for several months after orders are booked.

Banks that on March 4, 1933, were tottering and threatening to carry the whole financial structure of the country, together with its citizens' savings, crashing into oblivion, were saved and strengthened—by action of the Democratic Congress and the Democratic President. Today our banks have more savings, and safer savings, than ever before.

In March, 1933, the people of this nation were losing their homes and their farms at an alarming rate — watching things they had put a life's efforts into knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer. Today, because of the action taken by a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President, people own their homes and farms, and some are beginning to build homes again or to improve farms that were falling to ruin.

In 1933 a worker could not be certain that he had a job, much less feel that he could bargain with his employer on hours, wages and working conditions. Today—because of the actions and the sympathy of a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President—it is gradually being recognized that a worker has an equity in his job just as his employer has an equity in his business. And only within the past few weeks there have occurred developments so startling that many a person marvelled how they could come about. Among them are recognition of unions by giant General Motors, the sight of John L. Lewis agreeing on labor relations with Myron Taylor of United States Steel, of Philip Murray signing a union contract for the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee with Benjamin Fairless of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation.

SENATOR JOSEPH F. GUFFEY
"The Supreme Court has become the last bulwark of the reactionaries."

All of these things have come about, and have come about peacefully, for only one reason. That reason is that a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President have carried out the wishes of 27,000,000 American citizens who demanded with one voice the recognition of a principle for which their forefathers fought and died—the principle that the people are their own rulers, and that the people shall have what they want.

Our forefathers conducted a Revolution of blood & bullets to secure that principle for all time. Twenty-seven million Americans conducted, through the Democratic Party, a peaceful revolution to invigorate that principle with new life.

With business booming again, with labor relations conducted under a new formula, with the President and the Congress upheld by 27,000,000 American voters in the actions they have taken to bring these things about, all would seem well. Democracy would seem to have succeeded.

"Democracy Has Not Fully Succeeded"

Nevertheless President Roosevelt has warned us, and our own minds agree, that: "I cannot tell you with complete candor that in those past few years democracy in the United States has fully succeeded. Nor can I tell you, under present circumstances just what it is permitted to do in order to insure its continued success and survival."

The cause of this uncertainty is the present Supreme Court of the United States, with its majority of reactionary Justices who are living in the past, coddling the "personal economic predilections" which they acquired when they were attorneys for the corporate giants during the days of rugged industrial individualism. Those predilections are a hangover from the era of "The public be damned."

The Supreme Court has become the last bulwark of the reactionaries who have fought the Roosevelt New Deal, even though they have benefitted from it.

The economic royalists did not want Recovery the Roosevelt way—the Recovery and Reform way. It was forced on them.

Now that they have the Recovery, they are satisfied with it—but they want it to go no further.

They want it to go no further because for Recovery to be permanent, the permanent invisible government which the reactionaries had for years fastened on America—and in which the Supreme Court has abetted them—will be turned into a government of the people—those 27,000,000 people who have faith in plans of the President, and who have given Congress their orders.

Recovery was brought about in part by aid to agriculture through AAA. The reactionaries who are the backbone of opposition against Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan fought AAA, and got it declared unconstitutional in the Supreme Court.

Recovery was brought about by a number of other things. The reactionaries accepted the benefits these activities brought them only until these activities reached the point of threatening their invisible government. Then they stopped these activities through the Court.

Only One Way to Insure Permanent Prosperity

Recovery has brought us a certain prosperity. But today the American people must face a fact—else they will be forced to face it later when they are unprepared for it. That fact is this: Prosperity is by no means on a permanent basis.

One-third of our nation is still ill-nourished, ill-housed and ill-clad.

According to decisions of the Supreme Court, the question of minimum hours and wages is still in a no man's land where neither the Federal Government nor the state governments can touch it.

Though the government has the power to subsidize corporations and to extend

aid to stricken corporations, the Supreme Court has left it without power to aid our farmers.

The Court has left the Federal Government, and the state governments, without power to govern working conditions so that unemployment may be alleviated.

Though the depression of the future can be heard approaching with a firm, inexorable tread, the Supreme Court, comfortably ensconced in a mental world of 30 years ago, has bound us hand & foot so that we can do nothing to ward off that depression when it strikes.

Must Plan—and Act—Now

When that next depression comes, we shall have to establish minimum hours and wages—they will be forced on us in a hurry, just as many New Deal plans had to be adopted in a hurry to save this nation from certain disaster.

When that next depression comes, we shall have to solve the farm problem in a hurry—solve it without any careful forethought and planning, but in desperation.

When that next depression comes, we shall have to do those things which the Supreme Court's reactionary majority now says we cannot do—and we shall have to do all those things then in desperate haste, instead of planning them in advance.

We shall have to do all those things eventually, in haste. Why not do them while we can plan for them? Why not do them now?

Supreme Court Prevents Planned Action

The one group that is preventing us from doing what it is necessary to do to assure our future prosperity is the Supreme Court of the United States, whose majority of reactionary Justices has blocked the President's program.

It has done so under the guise of the Constitution. But Chief Justice Hughes himself has said: "The Constitution is what the judges say it is." And the Justices have bent the Constitution to conform to the reactionary ideals which they themselves hold.

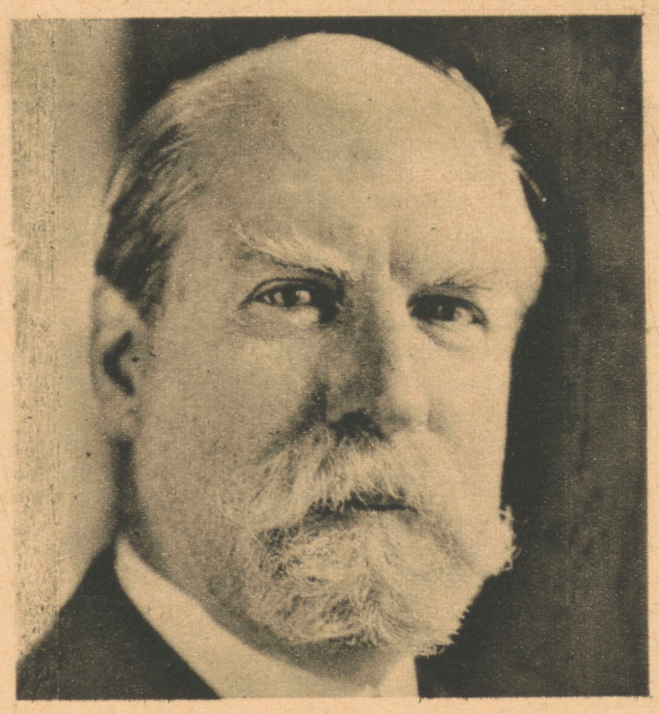
The Supreme Court has built up a myth of sanctity around itself. And the reactionaries have used this myth to shroud the fact that the Supreme Court has changed the Constitution from a document to protect the people, into a document to protect the interests of the economic royalists.

Here is what the Honorable John P. Devaney, former Chief Justice of the State of Minnesota, now president of the National Lawyers' Guild, has to say about the Supreme Court myth:

"Over the past 40 years certain leaders in the legal profession and certain interests whom those leaders protected, through the courts, against the wishes and needs of the public, have built up a dangerous myth about the courts in general and the Supreme Court in particular. Ever since the popular election of Senators removed the protection which an ultra-conservative character of the Senate gave to certain classes in the community, the Supreme Court has been carefully built up as a subject of unquestioning veneration. It is a creditable aspect of human nature that it wants some object of veneration, and veneration to no small degree thrives on mystery and mysticism.

"But a majority of the Court in the last four years has been exploiting the mystery which so largely enveloped the Court. There has been a deliberate effort not to let the country understand that the real function of the Supreme Court is, and how, for a long stretch of years, the Court has been exercising that function. The people have been taught to believe that when the Supreme Court speaks it is not the Justices who speak but the Constitution; whereas, of course, in most of our vital constitutional cases it is the individual Justices who speak and not the Constitution. It is the carefully circulated idea of the impersonality of the Court which is the basis of our present difficulties with it. . . . If we frankly recognize them as the heart of our political system when they exercise judicial review of laws to which the average citizen looks more and more for the solution of his economic difficulties, we shall find less public disappointment in them as mathematically precise institutions. The danger of building a legal system upon a myth of an impersonal infallibility is that when the myth crumbles in disillusion the whole legal system may be irreparably injured."

In other words, because we know that individual persons have individual quirks, we have an impersonal law—the Constitution—to assure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," to assure justice and equality and "the general welfare." We have the Constitution as a guide. But the Supreme Court has put its individual ideas above the Constitution, and bends the Con-



CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES
"The Constitution is what the judges say it is."

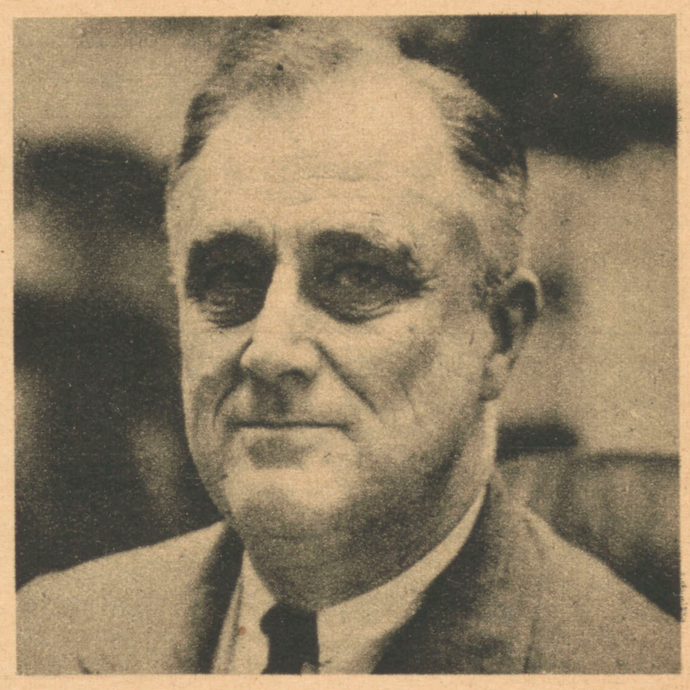
stitution to its theories, instead of bending its theories to the Constitution.

Or, as President Roosevelt said in his second address on the Supreme Court: "We have, therefore, reached the point as a nation where we must take action to save the Constitution from the court and the court from itself. We must find a way to take an appeal from the Supreme Court to the Constitution itself. We want a Supreme Court that will do justice under the Constitution, not over it. In our courts we want a government of laws, not of men."

The way the President has proposed to get justice under the Constitution, to save the Constitution from the court and the court from itself, is simple. It is to appoint to the court one young justice for every one over seventy who refuses to retire.

The President's Plan

That would bring new blood to the court. It would put on the bench a number of persons who are living in the present, not in the past—who would see our present needs as a nation, and who could



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
"We must take an appeal from the Supreme Court to the Constitution."

be counted upon to adhere to the Constitution, not to his own ingrained opinion of what the Constitution ought to be.

The President's plan is clearly Constitutional, for the Constitution gives the Congress the power to determine both the size of the court and its jurisdiction.

If the President's plan is clearly constitutional—and this even its rabid opponents admit—why the clamor against it?

The reactionaries oppose the plan—and those fake liberals who were liberal only so long as their pocketbooks were guarded—oppose the plan simply because the Supreme Court has been the constant bulwark of the invisible government through which persons of great wealth have controlled the United States.

These persons are willing to accept any governmental action for recovery or reform so long as it profits them—but only so long as it does not threaten their long-maintained control. When that has happened before, they have run to the Supreme Court, whose majority of reactionary justices has protected them. Under the President's plan they would lose that last line of defense.

But in their blind grasp for power these reactionaries have forgotten that the future is approaching with silent but inevitable steps. They have forgotten that in the next great depression they will go down—down with the rest of us.

That next depression can be prevented by action—Now.

To prevent it we need not an amendment—a long-drawn out process—but new blood on the Supreme Court, new justices who will follow the mandates of the Constitution instead of their own economic predilections—now.

In the words of the President: "If we would keep faith with those who kept faith in us, if we would make democracy succeed, I say we must act—NOW!"

"A BID FOR LIBERTY" . . .

Eleven Pennsylvania Communities Issued Their Own Declarations of Independence Before July 4, 1776

IT WAS probably near press time in the offices of the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* (published at Front Street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings) that rainy Tuesday afternoon of July 2, 1776, when the biggest news story in U. S. history broke under the nose of its reactionary editor, Benjamin Towne. So, on its back page—probably made up last—cautious Editor Towne crammed a three-line item between advertisements offering a reward for a runaway slave, a brigantine for sale, an ad for "white and brown buckram," and another for Jamaica rum. Read the item:

"This day the CONTINENTAL CONGRESS declared the UNITED COLONIES FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES."

The previous few days, the past month, had been exciting times in colonial Philadelphia, where the Second Congress was meeting. On June 7, even as a fleet of British ships anchored off Cape Fear, as 30,000 German mercenaries were being carried across the Atlantic, and as General Howe landed his light horse in New Jersey, Richard Henry Lee had risen in the Congress to read his resolution:

"Resolved: That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States, that they are absolved of all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

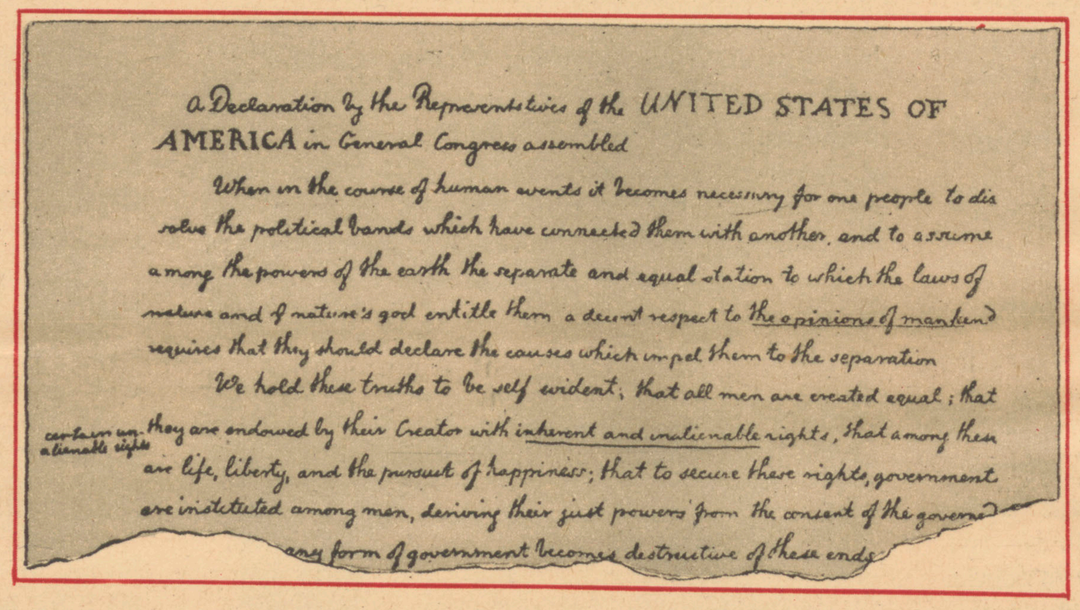
Though the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought a year before, and there had been bloodshed on Lexington Common that spring, the Congress voted to postpone consideration of the resolution until sentiment could crystallize. On July 1 the Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole to consider the resolution. A preliminary vote saw nine colonies for. Pennsylvania and South Carolina voted against. New York could not vote because existing sentiment was counter to the instructions given its delegation a year before. Delaware was deadlocked, with one vote for, one against, and the third delegate—Caesar Rodney—absent because of illness.

The night of July 1, cold and rainy, was one of tremendous activity. Edward Rutledge of South Carolina was arguing his delegation into line. Thomas McKean of Delaware had sent a post galloping to Dover, 80 miles away, where ailing Caesar Rodney climbed into the saddle for a desperate ride on a series of post horses. Late in the morning he arrived in Philadelphia. Supported into the Congress, the red clay of Dover still on his boots, he answered the roll call for Delaware. When Pennsylvania's name was called, Robert Morris and John Dickinson, who had previously voted no, left their seats so John Morton could record Pennsylvania as voting yes.†

†But Robert Morris, who said "I think that the individual who declines the service of his country because its councils are not comformable to his ideas, makes but a bad subject," helped finance the Revolutionary War. John Dickinson also "resolved to share, and to stand or fall with her in that plan of freedom which she had chosen." John Morton died in 1777, whispering on his deathbed: "Tell my enemies that my vote for independence was the most illustrious act of my life."

So Editor Towne got the scoop he muffed. Old John Adams saw its import. Wrote he to his wife: "Yesterday, the greatest question was decided, which was ever debated in America . . . The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival."

But John Adams guessed wrong by two days. Sitting in his room on the second floor of the Graff home at Seventh and Market Streets, young Thomas Jefferson had poured his soul into that inspired piece of literature, the Declaration of Independence. Edited by Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, it was adopted by the Congress on the evening of July 4. When it was read four days later from the platform of the Philosophical Society's observatory, Philadelphia went wild, as the Liberty Bell rang out freedom.


a Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA in General Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's god entitle them a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation

We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights, that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed

certain unalienable rights

any form of government becomes destructive of these ends

• • •

That same July 4, a little group of indignant frontiersmen gathered under a large elm at the confluence of the Susquehanna's west branch and Pine Creek (half way between present Williamsport and Lock Haven). Their purpose was the same as those of the more affluent gentlemen gathered in Philadelphia. Says the pamphlet, *A Bid For Liberty*, published by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration: "Unaware that the Declaration of the Colonies was being ratified by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia on that very day, these fearless Scotch-Irish pioneers had gathered to protest Britain's oppression and to sever allegiance with the Crown."*

*"A Bid For Liberty." 50 pages. Compiled by Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration in Pennsylvania. Sponsored by the Pennsylvania Historical Commission. Published by the William Penn Assn.

Tradition says that Alexander Hamilton attended the meeting. The declarations of the assemblage, according to tradition, were written by John Clark and buried in a copper box within the palisades of Fort Horn. No copy has ever been found.

The Pine Creek pioneers, squatters who had defied the Pennsylvania Proprietors to settle on disputed land, were the last of eleven Pennsylvania groups to write Declarations of Independence of their own before the Colonies' Declaration was adopted at Philadelphia, *A Bid For Liberty* shows.

When Parliament passed the Stamp Tax in 1765, the Colonies stirred in anger. In Philadelphia, William Bradford, the day before the tax took effect (Nov. 1, 1765), ran a skull & crossbones and pick & shovel at the head of his *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser*. Reversing the rules on his front page (newspaper mourning), he ran with a cartoon of the stamp an exclamation: "O! The fatal Stamp." He announced he would suspend publication while deliberating methods to "elude the Chain forged for us." His banner-line read: "EXPIRING: In Hopes of a Resurrection to Life again."

William Bradford's paper missed only one issue. Meantime, all over Pennsylvania, the fire of liberty blazed as Britain's Parliament became more oppressive, especially after the port of Boston was closed.

On June 4, 1774, the men of Hanover Township, now part of Dauphin County, made theirs the first Pennsylvania community to take a definite stand against the British King. Led by Col. Timothy Green, the inhabitants of that township resolved: "(1) That the recent act of the Parliament of Great Britain is iniquitous and oppressive. (2) That it is the bounden duty of the people to oppose every measure which tends to deprive them of their just prerogatives. (3) That in a closer union of the colonies lies the safeguard of the liberties of the people. (4) That in the event of Great Britain trying to force unjust laws upon us by strength of arms, our cause we leave to heaven and our rifles."

Six days later the citizens of Middletown, then in Lancaster, now in Dauphin County, met for similar action. Led by Col. James Burd, prosperous Scotch-Irish farmer, they resolved: "That it is an indispensable duty we owe to ourselves and posterity to oppose . . . every measure tending to deprive us of our just rights and privileges; that a close union of the colonies and their faithful adhering to such measures as a general Congress shall judge proper, are the most likely means to procure redress of American grievances, and settle the rights of the Colonies on a permanent basis." Next day nearby Hummelstown followed the example of Hanover and Middletown.

On July 9 the citizens of Lancaster resolved that "no power is constitutionally lodged in any body of men, to give and grant our money, save only our representatives in assembly . . . we will sincerely . . . . abide by the measures which shall be adopted by the members of the general congress of the colonies."

Everywhere in Pennsylvania where stood the settlements of the pioneers, resentment flamed when news of the closing of Boston port was heard. Lebanon adopted a resolution on June 25, 1774. The German population of Reading, "confiding in the prudence and ability of the deputies intended to be chosen for the general congress," promised to submit cheerfully to any action it took. When the news reached Carlisle, its citizens gathered in the First Presbyterian Church to adopt a resolution. One of the leaders was James Wilson, later to become a signer of the Declaration of Independence. They agreed to join in "any agreement which the General Congress may think it necessary for the colonies to confine themselves to."

On July 13, 1774, residents of Chester County adopted a declaration saying that "the protection of the liberties of America is an indispensable duty." In Easton the next year (May 6, 1775), the citizens began gathering arms and forming militia companies, while agreeing to abide by "all such measures as the Continental Congress shall in their Wisdom from time to time adopt for the preservation of American Liberty."

That same Spring the inhabitants of Hannastown, Westmoreland County, resolved "to arm and form ourselves into a regiment or regiments" to protect American liberty. The same day as the Hannastown meeting (May 6), the citizens of the Pittsburgh area adopted similar resolutions.

Not only were the Resolution of Independence, and the Declaration, adopted in Pennsylvania; but before that time, and even on the very day of adoption, Pennsylvania foreshadowed its future liberalism with eleven ringing bids for liberty.

"PENNSYLVANIA IN REVIEW"

THE GOVERNOR

Busy Week

Back from speaking engagements in the West (WTP, March 20), Governor Earle last week waded through a mass of work before hurrying off for another speaking engagement. These things got his attention:

¶ One Senator and one newshawk fell asleep as smoke and statistics and an occasional heated word filtered into the sunny afternoon air of the Governor's reception room from the mouths of debating spokesmen for the State's poor boards, for the anti-poor board Goodrich Planners.

Said Governor Earle after listening to many an argument from principals at the meeting: "I'll let you know my attitude in 48 hours."

In 24, not 48 hours, Earle announced his decision: the 255-year-old poor board system, with its 375 districts, must go. Relief agencies must be consolidated.

As Earle passed sentence on the embattled directors, they prepared to carry their fight into the halls of the Legislature where laws to effect the Goodrich-spawned plan for State relief administration must pass.

¶ For a new Common Pleas Court in Philadelphia the Governor appointed three members, placed one of his Deputy Attorney Generals on the Philadelphia Orphans' Court bench *(see Page 22)*.

¶ Just before Legislature adjourned for the week, Governor Earle hurried off to Savannah, Ga., to address banqueting Irishmen at a St. Patrick's Day celebration, sharing the program with President Roosevelt, whose speech was heard at the dinner via radio. Said Governor Earle of the President's Supreme Court plan:

"The basic modern problem is unemployment. What is the answer? Is it the Wagner Act, passed by the two Houses of Congress almost a year ago? Of course, we will not know until the third branch of our government, in whose hand this act has been for nearly a year, makes some effort to hand down a too-long delayed decision."

POLITICS

"Puddler" in Air Pocket

Heaped on the head of M. Harvey Taylor, chairman by sufferance of the Republican Committee in Pennsylvania, are the faults of a party grown decrepit by reaction, mismanagement.

The Taylor tenure as chairman has witnessed the defeat of candidates for Governor and Senator, saw a Democratic national and State ticket sweep the Commonwealth. The Taylor stock in Republican circles is away below par. But the chairman, like a fellow with a tiger by the tail, hangs on, admits there's nothing else he can do.

Most Republicans admit that the State is Democratic and will remain so for at least another ten years, but control of the Republican State Committee is not without its lure. While all elements in the party except the waning army of "Uncle Joe" Grundy confess that Taylor is an inept chairman, none of them until this week had the temerity to start an ouster movement.

State committeemen recently received vaguely worded invitations to attend a meeting in Harrisburg last week. J. J. Benning, a Pittsburgh committeeman, little known outside his own district, was the author of the invitations. Skeptical of his intentions, few committeemen replied.

"PUDDLER JIM"
He puddled his way into a political air pocket.

When it became known that the purpose of the meeting was to oust Taylor, those that did say they would come repudiated their acceptances.

Appeared on the scene in Harrisburg on Tuesday Senator James John ("Puddler Jim") Davis, breathing party loyalty with each sonorous statement. Here ostensibly for a St. Patrick's Day frolic, "Puddler Jim," according to his opponents in the Republican party, was to step into the breach created by the Taylor "ouster" and seize control of the party organization.

Ill timed, the Benning maneuver put "Puddler Jim" in a political air pocket. The reorganization meeting failed to materialize. Taylor hangs onto the tiger's tail and the men who eventually will reorganize the party sat back well satisfied with the strategy that calls for a quick ouster of Taylor as soon as the Legislature adjourns. Then they plan to supplant him with a chairman who will ignore Joe Grundy, but will probably represent the Mellon-Pew wing of the party, prepare for a State ticket which will not carry either the name of "Puddler Jim" or of Gifford Pinchot, who nurses a long-smouldering ambition to become the party candidate for either the United States Senate or the Governor's chair.

LEGISLATURE

Floor Leader Cohen
(See Cover)

By last week Legislature had settled down in earnest to cleaning up the mass of Administration bills that were in its hoppers. Into the Capitol trooped witnesses for several hearings (see below); on the floors of both chambers numbers of bills were passed. In this stir of action, one of the busiest men and one of the most vital cogs in the legislative machine was the hard-working York attorney who is majority floor leader in the House—Herbert Bank Cohen.

As the legislative ringmaster of the Earle Administration Cohen is a member of every important House committee and chairman of the pot-

COHEN & TURNER
Majority and Minority House Floor Leaders.

ent Appropriations Committee. He must keep an eagle eye on his multiple committee assignments, guide debates with his good friend, affable but ineffectual GOP Floor Leader J. Ellwood Turner *(see cut)*, and prod Democratic members into keeping their seats when votes on important bills impend.

Because he combines a hair-trigger brain with a disarming smile, and uses both, Cohen is regarded on Capitol Hill as one of the best floor leaders ever seen in Legislature. He maintains a busy law office in York to which he dashes between sessions, working all day Sunday and Sunday night on legislation. But though he drives himself even harder than he drives the House, he manages to squeeze plenty of laughs out of his legislative career, rarely allows his weighty duties to interfere with his program of sane living.

Elected in 1932 as the first Democrat ever to sit from York, he has since been twice re-elected. When the Earle Administration came into power Cohen was chosen floor leader and Appropriations Committee head—on which committee he has accomplished more work in briefer time than most other chairmen.

Typical is the study now going on to place State aid to hospitals on a systematic basis instead of political pull. Prior to his advent, Appropriations members spent several weeks each biennium on costly junkets to State institutions. Cohen eliminated this method, began sending out forms to all institutions. Now institutions submit their requests through home-town legislators, confident they will receive what is just without having to put on a dreary and expensive program of entertainment, wining & dining for junketing legislators.

To his legislative knowledge Cohen adds a wealth of lore on hexerei, acquired when, aged 27 and fresh from law school, he defended John Blymyer, chief figure in the famed York County hex murder case. Cohen's eloquence and hard legal logic saved Blymyer from the chair in the slaying of Recluse Nelson Rehmyer. Convicted with John Curry *(see Page 5)* and Wilbert Hess for the killing, Blymyer owes his life to Cohen.

Hearings

In Pennsylvania Legislature, any group for or against pending legislation is freely granted public hearings. Last week three such important hearings were held on Capitol Hill.

PSC. This old legislative precedent was not denied members of the Public Service Commission who are about to bow out of public life via the ripper route. Bristling with indignation, Commission Chairman C. J. Goodnough read to the Senate Utilities Committee a carefully prepared statement listing the commission's achievements in protecting customers and penalizing utilities. Goodnough wandered far afield; but since his statement was purely "for the record," there was little Senators could do but listen.

Bolstering Goodnough's argument came Commissioner Thomas Egan. Urbane at first, Egan squirmed several times under the rapid-fire questioning of Philadelphia's Senator Harry Shapiro, who approaches each hearing with gusto, armed with facts & figures.

A more vigorous defense of the Commission was given by P. Stephen Stahlnecker, former secretary to Governor Pinchot, who provided a dash of fireworks in his charge that the ouster of the present Commission was purely political.

Anti-climactical was the appearance of J. Joseph Lipko, Jr., secretary-treasurer of the Water Rate League of Wyoming Valley, who announced with a flourish that he had driven 118 miles from Wilkes-Barre to defend the Public Service Commission, and specifically its fairness in the Scranton Spring Brook Water case. Lipko, an employe in Luzerne County's register of wills' office and a political henchman of Judge John S. Fine (who is political sponsor for Commissioner Herman Goldberg), was obviously an unwelcome aid to the Commission. He reminded them of one of the most unusual chapters in PSC history.

Lipko and his father, Joseph Sr., have managed to keep their league going through several years litigation of the water rate case. Thousands of members were once enrolled at so much per head to fight the rate case that for a time threatened civil war in Wyoming Valley. At the beginning the Lipkos' associates in the league were Wilkes-Barre Councilman John Nobel, the late Monsignor John J. Curran, other leading citizens. When consumers refused to pay the new rates and had their water supply shut off, the league maintained a force of vigilantes to turn it on again.

The Lipkos, father & son, were busy as bees enrolling members and

(Continued on Page 14.)

THE Caves of Pennsylvania

THEIR LORE and LEGENDS

IN CHESTER, Pa., in 1790, a terrified, 'teen-aged maid, seduced and abandoned by her lover, gave birth to a child out of wedlock, in her desperation murdered the unwanted babe. She was sentenced to be hanged. Heart-broken at his sister's plight, Amos Wilson scuttled off to Philadelphia to plead for her pardon from the Governor. The Governor relented, gave Wilson what he wanted. Galloping back to Chester post haste, Wilson was delayed by a swollen stream, and he reached the gallows with the pardon just 20 minutes after his sister had acquired the dubious distinction of being the first woman hanged in Pennsylvania.

Tortured by the memory of his sister's unhappy fate, Wilson sought to escape human society by taking abode in a huge crystal cave ten miles outside of Harrisburg near Hummelstown. There he lived for 19 years, eking out a meager living cutting stone in a nearby quarry in the daytime, rising from his rocky bed at night to write down his homely philosophies. Today guides to Indian Echo Cave point out the smoke-smudged chamber in which "The Pennsylvania Hermit," as he signed his writings and is widely referred to, lived, cooked and died, cause unknown.

Every cave has its legend, and that is the legend of Indian Echo Cave, which was in the news last week because Senator George Kunkel introduced a bill suggesting that the State buy this beautiful limestone cavern as a scenic showplace. Opened to the public seven years ago, eccentric Amos Wilson's longtime dwelling-place has been visited by hundreds of thousands of tourists, at 90c a head. A hotel was built to accommodate them, and Indian Echo Cave is reported to be a money-making proposition. With a judicious expenditure of money, the owners have provided parking & picnic grounds, concrete steps down the high limestone bluff along Swatara Creek to the yawning mouth of the cave, crushed limestone paths inside to facilitate walking and more than 1,700 electric lights to show off the splendor of the bejeweled walls.

AMOS WILSON, THE PENNSYLVANIA HERMIT

When he arrived 20 minutes too late to reprieve his sister from hanging (above), Amos Wilson retired to Indian Echo Cave, where at nights he scribbled philosophic reflections (right).

AT PENN'S CAVE

Malachi Boyer was forced to swim to his death for making love to an Indian Chief's daughter.

Pennsylvania Caves. Simply because they have never been properly publicized, Pennsylvania has never been noted for its caves. Yet Pennsylvania has 14 commercial caves, of limestone formation, and ranging in length from 250 to 2,000 feet. One has been open to paying visitors since 1873. In some caves the distance traversed by visitors is not more than the length of two short city blocks, in others it is almost half a mile. Penn's Cave in Centre County is explored entirely by boat—a mile-long trip in a flat-bottomed outboard motor boat, with a searchlight illuminating stalactite formations. Indian legend has it that in 1748 Malachi Boyer, a Frenchman from Lancaster County, was punished for his presumption in making love to an Indian chief's daughter by being tortured in this unique manner: He was thrown into a 30-foot stream at the entrance to Penn's Cave, kept from climbing up on the ledge and forced to swim back into the dark recesses of the cave, where he eventually died of starvation.

Pennsylvania caves are rich in bone deposits. Discoveries in one cave (Port Kennedy, Montgomery County) include four species of giant sloth, two horses, a tapir, three peccaries, a mastadon, five cats, including two species of saber-tooth tiger, and a bear larger than a grizzly

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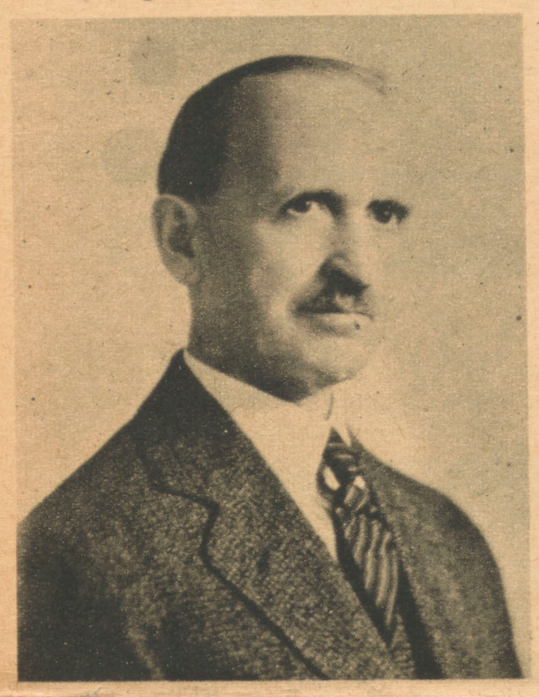
LEGISLATURE

(Continued from Page 11.)

making raucous radio talks. Public furore subsided as the case dragged into a long legal battle in which the Valley's municipalities joined, but not so the Lipkos. Their league is still running full blast, and in every county campaign booms Judge Fine's candidates. Joe Jr. is on the county payroll, Joe Sr. running the League.

The rate case has been settled by the PSC, with aid from Superior Court. Though the Lipko League claims credit, the majority of consumers, grumbling at the higher



PSC's GOODNOUGH

Courteous Senators listened to a speech "for the records."

PSC's GOLDBERG

Judge Fine's No. 2 man was praised by a small cog.

rates, know that it was concerted municipal legal action that brought what relief they got against the PSC's earlier confiscatory ruling based on inflated valuations.

When Lipko finished, counsel for another group came before the committee, Soft-spoken Attorney John Dudrick in methodical fashion demolished most of Lipko's laudatory statements about the PSC, traced Wyoming Valley's uphill fight to get its case before the PSC, backhandedly slapped Lipko's league. Committee members were convinced that consumers were still unsatisfied and that the Scranton Spring Brook case may be placed before the new Commission.

A silent spectator as Lipko praised the Commission was Commissioner Herman Goldberg, No. 2 man of the Fine organization of which Lipko is a small but vital cog. Goldberg, keen-witted and the youngest PSC member, seems least worried of any about losing his job. There is a reason. Appointed by Pinchot in his Administration's waning days, Goldberg picked the shortest term of two existing vacancies. He fully expected that William Schnader would be elected Governor and would reappoint him to a full 10-year term in 1937. When Schnader was defeated Goldberg stuck to his hapless job, waiting the end of his term, when it is expected he will resume law practice, probably with Schnader's Philadelphia firm.

Utilities Law. A more interesting hearing that drew a bigger crowd was the Wednesday night hearing on the new Public Utilities Bill which, when it becomes law, will provide the new Commission with sharp-toothed legislation. The carefully stage-managed utility case drew utility bigwigs from all over the State to the House chamber, where Utilities Lobbyist Mark Shields, former Pittsburgh newshawk, saw that each bigwig had a seat and that each committee member had a brief of each speaker's talk.

For a time the utilities lobbyists, with a chance to impress bosses with their knowledge of legislative procedure and their wide acquaintance, ignored the deadline around Capitol Hill. Every lobbyist on the utility payrolls was on the hill, some for the first time since the session started. (On strict orders from the top, utilities lobbyists have confined activities to hotel lobbies this session.)

It was evident that the joint committee approached the hearing with a sense of justness; but utility companies have failed to keep abreast of the times in their dealings with Legislature. There is no evident intent in the new bill to drive any company out of business, but to utility spokesmen it is "confiscatory, unjust, unwarranted and unconstitutional."

Labeling himself a friend of the consumer, Attorney Charles K. Robinson of Pittsburgh dissected the bill phrase by phrase. Robinson introduced himself as one who for 15 years had fought the consumers' battle. While not saying so he implied that he then saw the error of his way and hired himself out to the utilities. He now represents the Philadelphia Company, potent Allegheny County light, gas and traction holding company. Pittsburgh members recalled that as a struggling young lawyer Robinson was retained by a citizens' committee to investigate the sprawling Philadelphia Co. a decade ago, then later transferred his allegiance to the company.

More suave and less antagonistic was P. C. Staples, president of the Bell Telephone Company. Decrying the powers that the new act gives members of the proposed new Commission, Staples refused to become entangled in the cross-fire of questions, frequently answered when pressed with a curt, clipped: "I cannot answer that, Sir."

Mundy Tenure Bill. Another hearing that will draw a record crowd is scheduled for Tuesday night of this week. In the Forum of the Education Building, teachers and school directors from all over the State will discuss the Mundy teacher tenure bill. Passed by the Senate in record time, Senator Mundy's bill gives teachers what they have long battled for. Its chief benefit is to protect teachers from politically-minded school boards (WTP, March 20).

Demands for a hearing were made by the School Directors Association, which in former sessions has been able to pickle tenure bills in committee. As teacher tenure nears reality, politically-minded school boards, particularly those in Luzerne and Lackawanna Counties, have been busy serving dismissal notices on teachers. In Luzerne staffs of 10 school districts have been notified of the termination of their contracts. In Fell Township, Lackawanna County, teachers served with notices have called a strike.

Introduced in the House is a resolution calling for investigation of these dismissals pending enactment of the tenure bill. The tenure bill hearing is expected to be one of the most exciting of the session. Spokesmen for the school directors will appear there in opposition. For the bill will come Philadelphian Sarah Walsh of the American Federation of Teachers; the State Teachers League's Elizabeth Baker, sister of late GOP State Chairman Harry Baker; Barbara McGlynn of Luzerne County, who herself has a dismissal notice from the Wilkes-Barre Township board; John Phillips of the State Federation of Labor, which backs the bill. Democrat Harry Brownfield of Fayette, an active teacher who chairmans the House Education Committee, will conduct the hearing.

Work Done

While hearings were the spice of the week's session, considerable work was done in both Houses. Passed by the Senate and sent to the Governor was the Simon Resolution, which provides for a referendum on the graded net personal income tax. Passed unanimously was Republican Senator George Woodward's graduated income tax bill, which now goes to the House. Since both measures were passed last year, they will be signed by the Governor and go to the voters next year. In the Simon Resolution, Legislature is authorized to fix amounts home and farm owners may deduct from tax returns, based on the value of their properties. The Woodward Bill would grant home owners an exemption for the local real estate taxes they pay.

The same unanimity came to the House when Republicans joined with Democrats to pass the Levy Bill, which permits the use of motor funds to pay for toll bridges acquired by the State. Amending the 1927 toll bridge act, the bill gives the Secretary of Highways discretionary power as to the time for taking over a bridge. It permits reimbursement of the motor funds from proceeds of the sale of the $10,000,000 in State bonds authorized for the purchase of toll bridges by the 1933 referendum.

Jury Lists. Also sent to the Senate was a bill to permit diversification of jury lists in 3rd class counties. At present the judges of the common pleas courts in these counties are permitted to place names in the jury wheel, the two jury commissioners acting merely as custodians. Thomas Toole, Luzerne Democrat who sponsors the bill, claims that in many 3rd class counties the same names bob up year after year.

While he believes experience is good for jurors, Toole thinks any taxpayer is qualified, and wants a wider range in the "twelve good men and true." In most 3rd class townships, says he, the Republican and Democrat elected as jury commissioners can perform their duties of office without aid from the court. In backing up his argument Toole produced jury lists for several weeks back. From the Luzerne County list he exhibited the names of five members of one family, each of whom has served in every criminal court session for the past six years.

Liquor Pickets. Emulating the hunger marchers of last year, employes of the State Liquor Control Board stores picketed the House in their campaign for shorter hours and more pay. Signs demanding civil service for all State employes were displayed. It was evident that the State Store employes had little heart for the demonstration, which passed off quietly. Governor Earle has appointed a commission to study salaries and working conditions of all State employes. Its findings are nearing completion. Most legislators, Republicans and Democrats alike, considered the demonstration ill-timed and ill-staged, and resented the tactics used by the store employes' leaders.

Stores & Slot Machines. Estimated by its sponsor to produce $3,500,000 is the chain store tax bill passed by the House. The levy ranges from $1 per store to $500 for chains of 500 or more units. Introduced by Joseph Stank, Northumberland Democrat and wholesale grocery salesmen, the bill will probably travel a rocky road in the Senate.

As Stank was seeing his bill through, his Northumberland colleague, Joseph Bradley, was readying his pet bill to legalize slot machines with a husky tax for their operation. Administration leaders looked aghast at the Bradley bill, coming as it did on the same day that Governor Earle ordered District Attorneys in the State's 67 counties to clean up slot machines or have State Police do the job. In view of Earle's announcement, the Bradley bill will languish in committee.

Bradley's bill would have proceeds of the slot machine tax go to the care & treatment of crippled children. The bill which would legalize pari-mutuel gambling on horse racing provides that the tax on pari-mutuel "takes" be diverted to pay teachers' salaries. Originally the bill gave the money to the construction and maintenance of hospitals. A day or so after the first public hearing was held, PWA granted the State Authority $56,000,000 for State hospitals and other buildings. The bill's backers made a quick shift to appropriate the money from legalized gambling to the teachers' fund.

CAVES OF PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 13.)

—a total of 54 mammals, 41 of which are now extinct. In other caves relics and bones of Iroquoian and Algonquin Indians have been found.

What geologists would like to find in Pennsylvania caves would be Pleistocene or pre-Indian remains of man. Writes David White: "The southeastern region of the United States cannot fail to furnish a rich store of information as to the animals living in eastern America before or between the cold intervals of the Glacial epoch. They should tell stories of the disappearance of animals driven to extinction by the ice sheet invasion. Was not man present in America before the disappearance of the horse, the camel, or the elephant from this continent? The debated indications of such contemporaneity found in certain gravels and alluvial deposits may find incontestible confirmation in the earth flooring of some of our caves."

Indian Echo Cave is so named because some of its rocks resound with a musical echo when tapped. It was originally known as Echo or Hummelstown Cave, the "Indian" being added by its promoters to add glamour. It was a rendezvous for all the venturesome spirits of historic old Hummelstown for more than 100 years. Clay covered the lower levels and water stood in some passages, but boys went into every accessible cranny.

Visitors descend a flight of concrete steps, past a natural rock garden, to reach the gaping entrance to the cave, which is under a cliff on the river bank. A guide leads them through a wide passageway to the Ball Room, which is the largest room in area—80 feet wide and 50 feet high. Stalactites drip and a solitary bat may whiz by. The Ear of Corn, a stalactite 10 feet long and 2 feet high, hangs at the entrance to a narrow passage leading east. Main feature of this passage is the Blue Room, whose 40 foot ceiling is a distinct blue and which contains a natural overhead bridge and a Frozen Waterfall. This Eastern passage terminates abruptly at a dirt slope that rises to the surface, the only place in the cave where daylight may be seen.

Back in the Ball Room, the guide points out the Hanging Garden, an upper wall and ceiling covered with masses of dripstone in fluted cascades, irregular terraces, flows, sheets, corrugations and stalactites. The Cave's main artery is the North Canyon, which shoots off from one corner of the Ball Room. Half way along this narrow, tortuous passage is a Rainbow Room, which has a 79 foot ceiling and a tumbling, sparkling crystal formation called the Diamond Cascade. Farther along is the Frozen Niagara and an upper aperture whimsically dubbed Mabel's Room.

That is where the Cave ended, until September, 1930, when the owners drilled a 50 foot tunnel into a continuation of the North Canyon which no man had ever seen before. No smoke had marred its pristine beauty. State Geologist Ralph W. Stone, who spoke at its dedication in 1931, describes it in his authoritative book *Pennsylvania Caves*: "Here were limpid pools reflecting myriads of purest crystal, and, high above, great columns and slender pendants of pure white and colored dripstone that rival in daintiness and purity the caverns of Bermuda . . . Words are futile to describe this jewel casket that Dame Nature has kept hidden these thousands of years. Enchantment, splendor, fairyland, crystal palace all come to mind, but are inadequate."

So clear is the limpid water that its 6 foot bottom can be seen, and the water is pure enough to drink. Though the public turns back at these crystal pools, the Cave has been explored 75 feet farther. The tourist's trip ends in Amos Wilson's room, which is just off the Ball Room near the entrance. Here, for 19 years Pennsylvania's best-known Hermit climbed into a nook in the wall to sleep; and Exhibit A for all Indian Echo Cave guides is the sooty crevice in which he made his fires.

DRIPSTONE

Forms most of the grotesque fluting in caves—here Indian Echo.

PENN'S CAVE

Is traversed by boat. Here a scene from its dry cavern.

Legends. Most common legend told about a Pennsyivania cave is that some old-time band of highwaymen stabled its horses, hid out and ultimately buried its loot there.

One Pennsylvania cave is named after its one-time occupant, Simon Girty, notorious renegade and outlaw of pioneer days. Colonel Morgan is said to have quartered soldiers in Morgan's Cave, Berks County, during the Revolution. Edgar Allen Poe made much of Naginey Cave when he visited Mif flin County in 1838.

But the most romantic thing about Pennsylvania caves, aside from their inherent aura of mystery, is the fanciful Indian legends woven about them. Samples:

INDIAN ECHO CAVE

In the East Canyon is the famed Ear of Corn formation, seen on the right.

¶ Just inside the entrance of Veiled Lady Cave in Centre County is a white formation resembling a woman seated on a ledge. The Veiled Lady is the lovely Patricia, daughter of old Michael Q. McCochran, whose proudest boast was that for 20 generations neither side of his family had contracted a lowly marriage. But Patricia became enamoured of a stalwart Seneca warrior named Strongheart, and they agreed to flee to his lodge in Canada. She went to keep her rendezvous, seating herself on the cave ledge. It was bitter cold, and drifting snow caught in her veil, while her body and mind became numb. Meantime Strongheart had no better luck. Proceeding along the slippery path to the cave entrance, he stepped on a caltrap, a poisoned barb set there by some white man. Weakened and near death, he crawled on his hands & knees to reach Patricia, but slipped on the icy rocks, rolled into the stream and was carried into the cavern, hurtled through the tortuous passage and disappeared far underground in the hidden lake.

¶ Another cave in Centre County, Woodward Cave, was known to the Indians as Red Panther Cave because of a similar legend. Red Panther was the son of an aged Seneca Chief, whose tribe lived in the Valley of the Beech Tree. Beloved by the Storm God, the beech tree from which the valley took its name was reverenced by the Indians. Personal triumphs turned Red Panther's head, and he became cruel and warlike and threatened to destroy the tree to show that he considered himself mightier than the Great Spirit. Finally, upon his return from an unusually successful hunting expedition, the young brave cut down the tree in spite of the pleadings of his aged father. It was cut into proper lengths to be burned. As the proud warrior leaned forward to light the blaze, crimson lightning from the clear sky struck him dead.

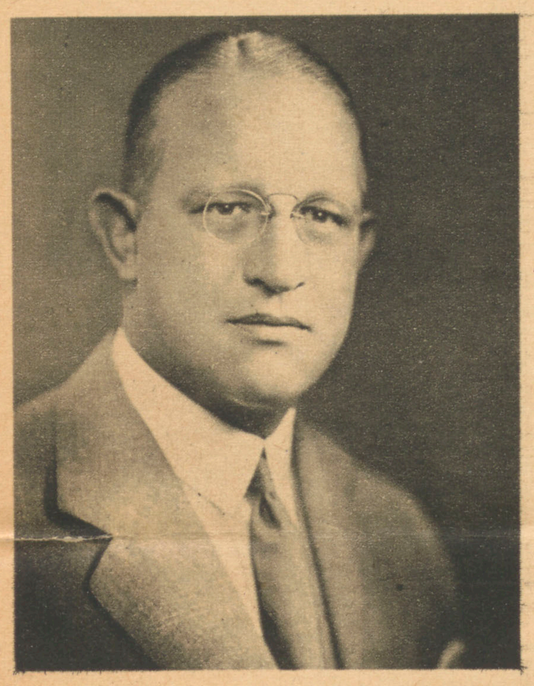
Hoping to appease the wrath of the Storm God, his father decided to place the body in the cavern in a nearby hillside. After due time, in which all manner of supplication was offered, the old Seneca Chief returned to the cave, expecting that the Storm God would relent and restore his son to life. Instead, he found that water from the roof of the cavern had fallen on the body and the luxurious bier on which it rested, turning the whole into solid stone.

BUSINESS & INDUSTRY

"3-Ball" Law

This side of the illegal loan shark, the money-lender rating lowest in public esteem is the pawnbroker. To the average man the sign of the three balls is a symbol of extortionate interest-rates—running to 66 and 72 percent and higher; a symbol of unscrupulous advantage-taking of other people's misery, of valued articles irretrievably lost at a fraction of their worth.

Unloved and unrespected, "Uncle" is tolerated because social insecurity makes his service an economic necessity. In line with the Banking Department's program to improve consumer credit, South Philadelphia's Democratic, girlish Representative Anna Brancato introduced a bill to regulate pawnbrokers, to



SECRETARY HARR
For alarming predictions, there were other sessions.

limit their rates to 18 percent a year on jewelry, 36 percent a year on other personal property. Unanimously the Brancato bill passed the House, went to the Senate.

Last week the Senate Banking Committee held a public hearing to give what the Philadelphia *Inquirer* contemptuously terms the "three ball lobby" chance to make its last-ditch fight. So jammed was the Senate Caucus Room, in which the hearing took place, that bald Senator Harry Shapiro wise-cracked: "I wonder who's minding the store."

Appearing in person to defend the measure, Secretary of Banking Luther Armstrong Harr denied that it would harm the business. Said he: "If the alarming predictions (that the bill will drive legitimate pawnbrokers out of the State) come true, there will be other sessions of the Legislature . . . I think it will help the business."

Witness George B. Winokur, mouthpiece for 77 out of the 88 establishments in Philadelphia, welcomed "the passage of a regulatory code for their business and their supervision by the Banking Department." Effective in stopping unfair criticism, he said, would be the "stamp of legality" that Banking Department sanction would bring.

Figures cited by Lawyer Winokur sketched the extent of the business in Philadelphia. Last year the group he represented advanced $19,714,451 on 3,159,518 pledges—or an average loan of $6.24. Gross interest actually collected amounted to less than 16 percent per loan. Calling attention to Dr. Harr's oft-quoted statement ("It will be far better for the borrowing public if the Legislature errs at this time on the side of conservatism, rather than risk the possibility of forcing out of the Commonwealth the legitimate lender"), Winokur, as well as the witnesses who followed him, asked for higher rates, made dire predictions that the proposed law would send the three balls rolling out of the State.

One lawyer, speaking for the two pawnshops in Wilkes-Barre, urged an amendment providing different rates for different size cities. Pointing out that shops in small towns make smaller loans and fewer of them, the spokesman proposed that separate rates be set for 1st class cities, 2nd class cities, with the highest rates in 3rd and 4th class areas.

Interposed Republican Senator Samuel Salus: "What is this — a handicap race?"

Senator Shapiro: "The plan might have some merit but it's clearly unconstitutional."

Senator Salus: "So what? — We could put on six more judges."

Freely predicted was that the bill would pass the Senate with little or no amendment — bringing the picturesque 3-ball clan under State regulation for the first time.

Bradford Muddle

One Wednesday late in September, 1935, National Bank Examiner Robert Gordon Finney uncovered what he called "the most muddled of all bank scandals in the country." Going over the books of the Commercial National Bank of Bradford, Pa., Finney discovered a shortage of $20,000. When he confronted the startled board of directors with the first facts, they pleaded with him not to close their doors. "I informed them," Finney stated later, "that unless they could raise a cool half million by Monday morning that I would close the bank."

On the morning of September 30 the bank closed—the last national bank in the country to fail, the first under the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation plan.

What would have been a financial disaster to 11,000 Bradford depositors and Bradford business generally, became merely a bookkeeping transfer. New Deal spokesmen, making the bank crash a campaign issue, repeatedly pointed out that depositors suffered negligible loss, that the insured accounts were simply transferred to another bank in which business went on as usual. The only perceptible difference to depositors was new account books.

Last week in Erie Federal Court 11 defendants faced charges that from March, 1934, to September, 1935, they conspired to manipulate checks, drafts and credits, and used the mails to defraud. Thirty-one-year-old Note Teller Stanley B. Benton, first to be tried, was found guilty by a jury out less than two hours.

To Federal Judge R. M. Gibson and 12 bewildered jurors, Assistant U. S. District Attorney John D. Ray told a tangled story of little defalcations that got bigger & bigger until they involved $1,300,000. Still not entirely clear was the "biggest bank scandal in the country" as the second defendant, attractive Discount Clerk Hazel A. Benson went on trial.

Outline. Master-villain, according to testimony, was Assistant Cashier Frank W. Calkins. According to Finney, Calkins had more than $1,000,000 in fictitious notes, many discounted, "behind an old red book in the bank." Many of them had been issued for $100,000 loans or more from the Sunny Oil Company of Pennsylvania of which Calkins was the guiding genius. Compared with the notes it had on file in the Bradford bank, the oil concern was a molehill. Keen-eyed Examiner Finney testified that when Calkins saw him on the right track he offered him a $10,000-a-year job as a bribe to stop the investigation.

Failing, the trapped cashier met death in his closed car from carbon monoxide fumes—"a probable suicide," in the words of the coroner's jury. Prior to that, G. Reed Campbell, general bookkeeper of the bank, was discovered dead under like circumstances. His accounts were short $87,000 — largely from playing the stock market.

So far as can be ascertained, the defendants did little more than follow Calkins' lead, making false entries at his request, and the like. The defense contends that none of them committed their "irregularities" for personal gain but rather to save the bank by "covering" the shortages. Secondary defense is that Calkins was "boss," hence the others had to carry out his orders else face dismissal.

Other defendants include Savings Teller Harold L. Miller; Cashier & Trust Officer Floyd R. Parmenter; Assistant Trust Officer Howard J. Benson; John T. Cunningham, of Rixford, president of Cunningham Gas Company of Bradford; John W. Becker, alleged to have been office manager of the gas firm; gas company Bookkeeper W. Russell Hungerford; gas company Stenographer W. Alderson Lynch; gas company Assistant Bookkeeper Mrs. Ella Eliason McCaig; Wilson R. Campbell, president of the Farmers & Mechanics Trust Company, of Bath, N. Y., a candidate for the Republican nomination for N. Y. State Comptroller last year.

According to Star Witness Finney, more than $350,000 in bad notes were issued on Cunningham Gas, Babcock Oil, and other firms. Said he: "Calkins must have stayed awake nights, writing notes to cover up the losses of money from the bank . . . (He) would write more notes to cover up failure to pay interest."

By the time Examiner Finney caught up with the process, the vicious merry-go-round of writing new bad notes to make good old bad notes had pyramided beyond the control of any of the persons involved.

Happy Westinghouse

Still visibly injecting iron into labor's blood, just as visibly extracting it from industry's, is the memorable victory over Big Steel won by the John L. Lewis-led Committee for Industrial Organization (WTP, March 13). Last week management of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., second largest in its field*, was amicably discussing wage increases with CIO spokesmen.

While they talked, the increases became a certainty as Westinghouse Boardchairman Andrew Wells Robertson issued the rosiest-hued financial statement in years. Reporting a consolidated net profit of $15,099,291 for 1936, more than $3 million over 1935, Electricaptain Robertson announced that 1935's share-dividend of $4.49 would jump to $5.66.

Beamed he: "The year 1936 witnessed increased activity in the electrical industry. This affected all lines of the company's products." Orders received increased 48 percent over 1935; sales billed jumped 26 percent.

To meet booming requirements, Westinghouse enlarged several of its manufacturing units. At East Pittsburgh, for example, its plant for producing industrial motors is being expanded about 25 percent.

BOARDCHAIRMAN ROBERTSON
Beamed over a melon for stockholders and employes.

Day after the report was made public, company officials cheered 8,000 of its Pittsburgh employes with news that a million-dollar bonus would come to them during March. The melon, amounting to 14 percent, will be paid in addition to basic wages.

Westinghouse spokesmen said the March bonus, under terms of the company's profit-sharing plan instituted last May—which boosts pay if profits go over stated amounts, cuts pay if they fall—would add 70c a day to the payroll of the $5-a-day earner.

"I believe," said 25-year-old James B. Carey, president of the CIO-Electrical Workers Union, "that a very happy relationship will be established between the union and the management."

Anthracite Unemployment

Technological unemployment continues to grow in the anthracite industry. Reports just compiled on production in the 25 inspection districts of Northeastern Pennsylvania for 1936 show 54,154,647 tons produced as compared with 51,359,111 tons in 1935. While production showed a five percent gain man power dropped from 100,539 men working in 1935 to 99,356 men working in 1936. Increased production in anthracite is laid to expansion of strip mining, installation of mechanical loaders, both of which slash the number of men required to produce coal.

* Largest: General Electric.

RELIGION

Passover

Friday night of this week—March 26—Pennsylvania's 425,000 Jewish men, women and children, who constitute about four percent of Pennsylvania's population, will congregate at intimate family gatherings to down four goblets of wine, to break unleavened bread, to taste of the sacrificed lamb. Thus will they open the joyous feast of the Passover, the Hebrew spring festival which celebrates their deliverance from Egyptian bondage 3,000 years ago.

Passover rites will begin at sundown Friday, and will continue until sundown Friday, April 2. During the entire week no cream, milk or leavened bread may be eaten. The house is cleaned from attic to basement, and all bread is removed. Either brand new dishes and silverware are bought for the Passover or the regular dishes are boiled thoroughly. Many house-wives keep two sets of dishes—one just for Passover and the other for the rest of the year.

According to Jewish tradition, the first "Pesach," or Passover, was preordained by Moses at the command of God. The Israelites were commanded to select a he-lamb of the first year, without blemish, and to kill it on the eve of the 14th of Nisan; and to sprinkle its blood on the lintel and sideposts of the doors of their dwellings in order that the Lord should "pass over" them when he went forth to slay the first-born of the Egyptians. The lamb, thus drained of blood, was to be roasted and eaten in its entirety by the Israelites, who were to be ready for the exodus with loins girded, shoes on feet and staff in hand.

To commemorate that exodus for all time, every year the Israelites eat unleavened bread for seven successive days and keep the sacrifice of the Passover on the eve between the 14th and 15th of Nisan in the ancient Hebrew calendar, which this year corresponds to March 26. According to tradition, the first night feast of the Passover is not to be attended by any stranger or any uncircumcised person, thus keeping it a family and Jewish affair. But in Reformed Jewish households, Passover is a time of celebration when friends of all beliefs are invited to join the festivities.

The unleavened bread which is a big article of Jewish diet for the seven days of the Passover is called matzoth (sometimes spelled matzos), which is made of flour and water only and comes in brittle biscuits about 12 inches in diameter. This unleavened bread is eaten during Passover because tradition has it that the Israelites left Egypt in such haste that they did not have time to leaven their dough in kneading troughs. To make the dry matzoth more palatable, it is sometimes served with jam or dipped into beaten eggs and fried. Matzoth flour may be used to make delicious cakes and maccaroons, and "Knaidlack"—soup-balls made of matzoth — are tempting to the palate.

DISTRIBUTING PASSOVER MATZOTH TO THE NEEDY*

Rabbis supervise matzoth from planting the wheat to the finished product.

Baking firms employ rabbis who supervise the making of the matzoths from the planting & harvesting of the wheat to the finished product, which they bless with a ritual. The flour is kept in specially cleansed containers, and the water must stand in a tank for 24 hours to insure its purity. Expertly mixed, the flour & water are kneaded for a long time, then baked and perforated in special machines. Some factories employ a woman who observes an old Jewish custom by touching every sheet of dough that comes through the machine.

Many families are reunited at Passover, and even children who seldom go to synagogue return home for this occasion. With the family joining in at certain points, the father chants the "Haggadah" at the first night feast. The "Haggadah" is the story of the Jew's deliverance from Egypt.

The four cups of wine are symbolic of God's four promises to the Israelites in Exodus VI. The promises were that the Israelites were to be taken out of bondage, delivered from servitude, redeemed from their dependence on Egypt and selected as "the people of the Lord."

There are other foods on the table. Parsley signifies gratitude to God for the rich produce of the earth; horseradish signifies the embittered life of the Israelites in Egypt; the chopped fruit is symbolic of the clay which the Israelites worked in Egypt.

* On the right: Secretary of Revenue John B. Kelly.

PRESS

Lottery News Ban

Last Monday, pretty nurses from the Irish State Hospitals drew 960 tickets from huge, revolving drums set up in the mansion of Dublin's Lord Mayor. With nearly 5,000,000 to chose from, slim Gaelic fingers selected 481 bearing the names of Americans, one more than half the total.

Thus were decided the winners of the world famed Irish Sweepstakes, in which entrants gladly paid $2.60 per ticket, hoping to win a sizeable portion of the $8,311,165 prize fund.

Fifty winners were Pennsylvanians. Based on the 99th running of the Grand National Steeplechase held Friday at Aintree, England, a score held tickets on horses, which had been entered but would not start, were notified that their ticket was worth $3,070, less Federal taxes.

The others, certain of at least that much, hoped to hold a ticket on the first three jumpers, win prizes of $150,000, $75,000 or $50,000.

All of this made good, lively, localized news heretofore worth columns of Page One space. For the first time in recent years, most Pennsylvania publishers purposely played down the stories, while circulation men fumed.

Publishers' reluctance to go overboard on Sweepstakes stories was understandable. Postmasters earlier that week had laid on their desks an opinion of Post Office Department Solicitor Karl A. Crowley pointing out that dissemination of lottery news was a violation of postal regulations.

The penalty for violators: $1,000 fines, two years imprisonment.

Not united as they are on most matters of policy, state publishers were generally timid in their coverage. While sensational newspapers in metropolitan areas gave the drawings plenty of space, many smaller newspapers pared down stories to the minimum, hoped it would be overlooked should the Department move against law breakers.

Best known ticket winner was Mrs. Charles H. Quarles, wife of the former chief of the State Highway Patrol, divorced wife of John A. Donohue, Pittsburgh butter and egg man. When notified of her good fortune, Mrs. Quarles, enjoying a Florida honeymoon, promptly went out to the Tropical Park race track "to try to double whatever I'm going to get from the sweeps."

Philadelphia winners ranged from a high school student to a shoemaker.

Thrilled at holding a ticket on *Thieffry,* Pittsburgh produce company bookkeeper Minnie Weisenthal told co-holder William Fuchs if hers was a good horse: "I'll give you a hug and a kiss."

Four Duquesne Light Company meter readers' heads spun as fast as housewives claim meter wheels do, when they were notified of their winnings.

"If I win, it will be the first time I ever won anything," Miss Mary Donohue, Pittsburgh housekeeper, declared. Her ticket was a gift.

Most certain sweepstakes winners are the Irish state hospitals and four promoters, who have reaped millions. Since English authorities banned their sale, America has become the No. 1 lottery ticket market, despite strict domestic laws prohibiting their sale.

Thousands are mulcted yearly when salesmen, not content with their commission of two free tickets in each book of ten, pocket the entire proceeds or distribute counterfeit tickets.

PEOPLE

In Washington, D. C., Pittsburgher **Harry Kendall Thaw,** whose killing of Architect Stanford White provided one of the most sensational murder trials of the early part of this century, lost a damage-suit brought against him by Headwaiter Paul Jaeck, who claimed Thaw struck him two years ago in an altercation over a $55 nightclub bill. After annoying guests by flipping lighted matches and cigarets and doing a "solo dance with war-whoops," Thaw argued that one bottle of champagne was flat and refused to pay his check.

A colored prowler named Harry Griffin pried open the front window of a Philadelphia home, crept upstairs to the bedroom of **Mrs. Carrie Merkle,** 62. Roused by the click of the door latch, Mrs. Merkle hopped out of bed, ran to a window screaming "Murder! There's a man trying to get in my room!" Prowler Griffen fled downstairs, tripped over a picture frame on the landing, picked himself up, tripped over another picture frame. Groping his way to the rear of the house, he found iron bars on all the windows. By that time a policeman ran up to arrest him. Mrs. Merkle revealed that since her husband died two years ago, she has feared robbers. So she built elaborate fortifications, put iron bars over the windows, laid tin plates on the sills as burglar alarms, barricaded her bedroom with heavy wooden boxes, scattered picture frames throughout the house to trip up prowlers.

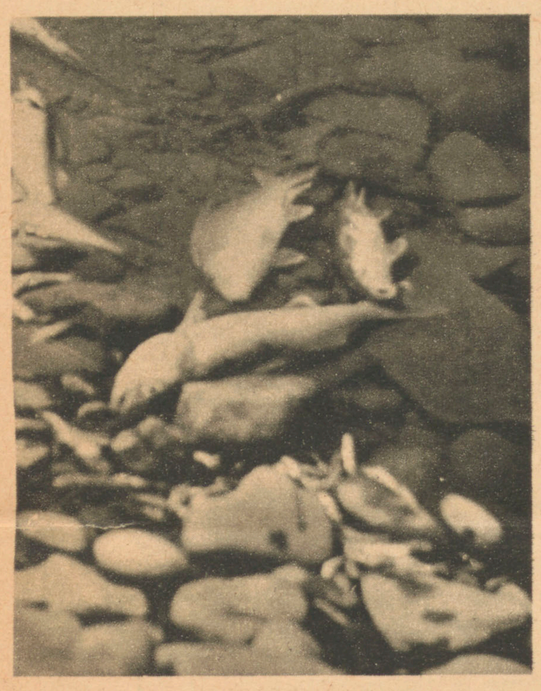
Born in Lehighton, Pa., **J. G. Le Van,** whose father was longtime sheriff of Carbon County, went to New York to be personnel director of the Title Guaranty & Trust Co. He also taught a night course in psychology at New York University and was vocational guidance instructor at the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. Eighteen months ago he set sail for an exploration junket in British Guiana. Few months later he wrote his brother Elmer, of Quakertown, Pa., that he was being held by a tribe of Indians because he refused to give them all the cheap jewelry he carried. The letter had been taken to Georgetown by a native messenger. Last week Explorer Le Van showed up in Georgetown near the point of exhaustion from his 3,000-mile trip through jungle and grasslands. When he dug up the skeletons of warriors killed in a battle 300 years ago, his porters fled from him in terror, thinking him a "kenaima" or evil spirit. Lost for nearly a month on the vast savannas, he was 30 pounds thinner when his horse finally led him to a village. Meantime his former neighbors in Lehighton began to arrange a home-coming celebration for Le Van when he returns next summer to see his mother, Mrs. Daisy Le Van.

HEALTH

Stream Victory

When Pennsylvania was an unbroken forest its streams were pure. The roving pioneer could quench his thirst anywhere, scoop up handfuls of clear, untainted water. Inevitable by-product of industrial civilization is polluted water. Some regions far-from-the-beaten-track are still endowed with relatively pure water; but the State as a whole has little water left uncontaminated: about 80 percent of its stream mileage is polluted. In streams once teeming with fish, little aquatic life can survive the poisonous waters of today.

The foolhardy rover who dares quench his thirst from a modern Pennsylvania stream is likely to imbibe a "dark and sinister" liquid



DEAD FISH
Their polluted rivers carried a "dark and sinister fluid."

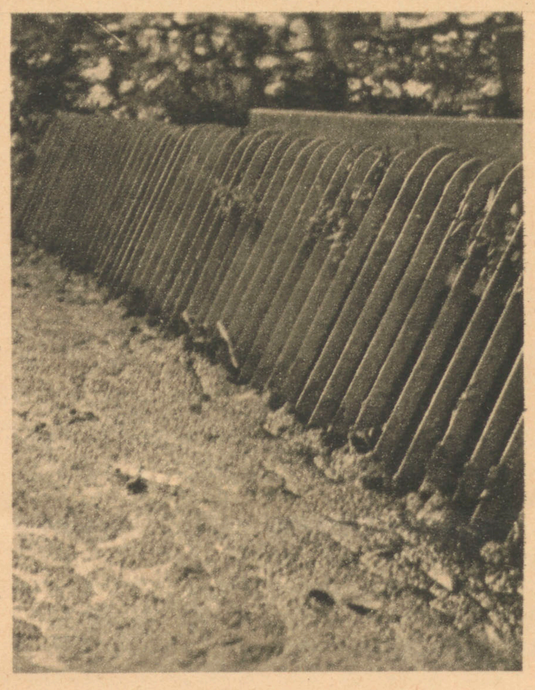
containing any one or combination of health-destructive industrial wastes discharged by mine, mill and factory.

The mouthful of water he swallows may be tainted by manure, putrefying animal flesh and grease—discharged into the stream by slaughtering houses and abattoirs. It may contain obnoxious rinsewater discharged from breweries. Carbolic acids from by-product coke works. Sulphuric acid from active and abandoned coal mines. The peculiar slime that comes from distilleries. A variety of acids from iron & steel works. Oils, tars, other gas impurities, from gas works. Rancid milk substances from dairy product plants. Crude oil from oil production fields. Sludge, fibers of all sorts, from paper & pulp mills. Fine-ground sand from plate glass works. Lime, hair, tannic acids, decomposed meats, from tanneries. Coal tar wastes from tar plants. Bleaches, dyes, soap compounds, from the State's textile mills and dyeing plants.

Still unknown to healthmen is the total, cumulative effect of this mess of chemicals and wastes upon public health. Millions of dollars are spent every year by cities, towns, and boroughs, to filter and purify drinking water. While the ultimate tap-product may be safely free from disease-breeding bacteria, it frequently tastes bad and smells bad. Many medical authorities attribute the periodic outbreaks of intestinal troubles—such as colitis—to corroding, unfilterable chemicals.

In the current issue of the *Pennsylvania Angler*, organ of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, Commissioner Kenneth A. Reid blames the industrial waste-dischargers, absolves the hard-working water-works engineers: "This is no reflection on the water companies—in fact, it is a wonderful tribute to their ingenuity that they are able to convert the dark and sinister fluid from the rivers into a relatively clear product that the citizens can drink, living to tell the tale."

Waste Control. Mountainous task of curbing water-polluters falls upon the State's Sanitary Water Board, headed by Health Secretary Edith MacBride-Dexter, together with Sec-



SLUDGE
Chokes Codorus Creek's industrially polluted water.

retary of Forests & Waters James F. Bogardus, and Commissioner of Fisheries Charles French. Working with the Health Department's Bureau of Sanitary Engineering, the board has persuaded legions of water-spoilers to erect "treatment" plants for their waste products. In the case of dyeing works, the Board's threat to bring them into court convinced six firms in a row of the wisdom of building such plants.

One fly-in-the-ointment of waste-controllers is the lack of a specific law permitting them to compel dye-waste dischargers to desist. One dyeing firm, the Easton Dye Works, defied the board, continued to defile the Lehigh River with toxic trade wastes. The board turned the case over to Attorney General Charles J. Margiotti.

Last week in Dauphin County Court, pure-water advocates won an important, precedent-setting victory over stream-polluters. Deputy Attorney Grover Ladner, famed fishing enthusiast who represented the Commonwealth, secured the first injunction ever granted to restrain a dyeing works from discharging its "rinsed water contaminated by spent dye liquor" into a public water supply.

Health-Defender Ladner proved that Easton Dye Works discharges about 35,000 gallons of injurious fluid into the Lehigh River daily. Witness Max Trumper, eminent Philadelphia poison expert, testified that the discharge was sufficiently poisonous to endanger the health of human beings using the river for bathing and recreational purposes.

Dr. Glenn V. Brown, Board of Fish Commissioners' consulting chemist, and Executive Engineer Christian L. Siebert, of the Sanitary Water Board, proved that the wastes definitely harmed the river, that SWB's attempt to improve the stream was blocked by Easton Dye Works, which alone had ignored requests to build a "treatment" works.

The company contended that the plant had discharged its wastes into the river for more than 21 years, hence it was unreasonable to ask it to change its ways. Granting the Commonwealth's prayer for an injunction, Chancellor John E. Fox cited an earlier case: "The defendant . . . never had a right, recognized by law, to discharge sewerage, of the character shown in this case, into the stream . . . It was from

ATTORNEY LADNER
Won a precedent-setting victory for pure-water advocates.

first to last a wrongful act . . ."

Thus a potent legal weapon is placed in the hands of the State's pollution-fighters.

More Teeth. Last September Health Engineer Christian L. Siebert presented a paper to the American Chemical Society at Pittsburgh. In closing he said: "Industry is faced with a quite certain promise of much higher standards of stream cleanliness. If industry does not quickly awaken to the necessity of cleaning its own house, with respect to industrial wastes, it is likely that strong hands will clean house for it. Enforcement of rigid anti-pollution laws is apt to prove unpleasant and more costly to industry and an orderly and well planned program for water waste treatment."

Last year a pure stream bill which passed the House was killed in the Senate. That left the State without adequate anti-pollution legislation.

Now in the legislative routine is House Bill 158, introduced by Rep. Mahlon F. Larue, which among other things prohibits the discharge of any industrial waste "inmical or injurious to the public health" into any waters of the Commonwealth. A sharp-toothed bill, it declares violations to be misdemeanors, provides fines and jail sentences. The bill recognizes the right of the people to healthful water as superior to the right of industry to corrupt streams.

MISCELLANY

City Sucker

News readers awarded the table-turning prize of 1937 to Philadelphian Edmund Fritz for selling a share in a phantom bridge across the Susquehanna River to Irving Klein, from Brooklyn where bridge-selling was once a thriving business. Slicker Fritz was arrested by Federal agents after Sucker Klein drove to Millersburg to see the span in which he invested $500, saw nothing across the stream but the opposite shore.

Guinea Pig

Out of work for 15 months, Charles Perkins of Old Forge announced to the world of science that he would play the role of a human guinea pig for $4,000. Possessed of a skin insensitive to punctures, Perkins once appeared in vaudeville and circuses as the Human Pin-cushion, submitted to wholesale stabbing with pins and needles.

Axident

Freak accident of the year in Pittsburgh befell Richard Bachman, struck in the jaw with a flying ax that crashed through the windshield of his car as he drove along a city boulevard. Heaver of the missile was John Egbert, from whose hands it slipped as he chopped down a tree to make way for a billboard. Coincidence: Bachman and Egbert work for the same outdoor advertising company.

Exit Father

Sentenced at Shamokin to two years in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Moonshiner Charles Mangle bid goodbye to his wife, thirteen children.

Pardon

Doomed to death within six months, Negro James Francis Gray was pardoned from Dauphin County prison, sent home to die. Physicians said the emaciated prisoner, convicted of robbery, was in the final stages of tuberculosis.

Sentence Suspended

Sentenced to 60 days in jail at Easton for petty larceny, Japlean Lee smiled, said she was glad to rejoin the inmates she had left the previous day at the end of a 10-day sentence. Resourceful Easton Mayor Joseph Morrison suspended the sentence, ordered the girl out of town, heard her say she would return to her home in Dallas, Texas.

Civil War

Secession from Pittsburgh was threatened by residents of the Oakland district of the city, who, charging municipal officials with neglecting their welfare, announced they might declare the district an independent borough.

Wed

Wedding plans they made as young lovers 50 years ago were finally carried out at Mifflintown by Mrs. Florence Silverton, Pittsburgh widow, and Former Judge J. F. Gray, Mifflintown widower.

FLOWERS

Easter Blooms

According to legend, when Christ arose from His tomb the places whereon He trod were marked by white lilies, which sprang up and blossomed in His footsteps. Men still keep this apocryphal miracle on their minds at Easter. Not so miraculous but almost as wonderful as the old Judean legend is the manner in which the lily, symbol of the Resurrection, and all other blossoms, symbols of the awakened earth, find their way into every home at Easter time.

FLORAL TONIC
Florists insist that flowers are really a form of mental tonic.

During the present week Pennsylvanians will spend an astounding amount for flowers: more than $4,000,000. Florists look for the best year in the past ten. Because 20 percent of his year's business is done this week, he overlooks nothing to turn a tidy profit.† Pennsylvania flower growers, more than 1,500 of them with $28,000,000 invested in their 7,000 glassed-in acres, began planning for this important week last August and earlier.

Flower Timing. No other phase of floriculture, horticulture or agriculture must toe the date-line mark like the Easter flower business. It is a ticklish business that keeps State florists tossing in their nightly beds for fear that the flowers will bloom too early or too late, thus ruin their biggest profit season.

For example, tulips, an Easter favorite. Well before last year's frost Holland-grown bulbs were planted in hundreds of thousands of pots. The pots were then buried nearly three feet underground, too deep to be affected by frost, cool enough to permit slow growth. A few weeks before Easter they were dug up and moved into hothouses to be forced.

At the right time the florist must snatch these perishables from hothouses (70 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit) to warm houses (60 to 70 degrees); to cool houses (as low as 50); to darkhouses, where darkness and a cool temperature combine to retard those blooms which have gotten out of hand. The florist must know when to accelerate, retard and stagnate natural growth, for a mistake is irreparable and may lead to a profitless season.

The Flower Crop. Two-thirds of Pennsylvania florists grow the bulk of their own flowers. All but a trivial amount of lilies, daffodils, jonquils, snapdragons, hyacinths and other staple Easter blooms are state grown. (Lily sales are not so great as formerly, more colorful flowers having come into vogue.)

For unseasonable blooms which require specialization, the florist turns to other states. Thus the bulk of orchids come from the Carolinas, though some are grown here, particularly in Chester County. Early gladiolas come from Florida, football-season "mums" from the West Coast, as does acacia. The development of cellophane is credited with opening the Eastern market to acacia growers. Until they were packed in cellophane "pillows," the long yellow plumes seldom survived the journey.

Prices. These items are luxuries, even to the florist. The biggest part of his Easter trade consists of home-grown flowers, mostly potted plants. Prices will run slightly more than last year.

Typical prices: Easter lilies, 35c per bloom; hyacinths, $1 a pan; snapdragons, $1.50-$2 per dozen; 3-year-old azaleas, $1.50, with the largest ones $5; tulips, $1.50 per dozen, with individual plants at 75c. Gladiolas will cost about $2.50 per dozen, as will roses. Carnations come at $1.50; sweet peas, 75c; gardenias, 50c to $1 each; orchids, $5 to $10 per bloom. The shortest orchid yield in years (and the orchid crop is kept carefully at a minimum) is causing florists to ask all the trade will bear. Most florists believe the orchid business will be good, notwithstanding high prices.

Suggestions. To Easter flower purchasers florists offer these practical suggestions. Potted plants should be watered at least once daily during winter, two to three times daily in hot weather. They require an abundance of sunlight. Contrary to the loudly-voiced opinion of nagging wives, tobacco smoke does not stunt their growth. On the contrary, hothouses are disinfected frequently with tobacco fumes.

Cut flowers keep best in frequent changes of water. Heat withers them quickly. An ice box will help keep them overnight. Refrigeration will also save a corsage for the next evening if the sender has failed to put in an appearance. Corsages are the pet of florists, who are educating the American swain to their sales value, and the American girl friend to expect them. Florists find in them the answer to a longtime need: a "repeat" item. (See below for the most popular corsages, their cost, and a suggested ensemble.)

CORSAGES*
Florists have educated the American swain.

Florists admit to making almost 100 percent on the average sale—about what most vendors of perishables expect. Though florists admit their product is not a durable commodity, it annoys them to hear flowers called luxuries. They insist flowers are really a form of mental medicine, and that Easter flowers in particular are actually a cheap spring tonic.

† Funeral flowers account for 40 percent of business in the rest of the year.

* Corsages, prices and their suggested ensemble (left to right starting at top): Carnations, $1, worn at waist in suit; gardenias, $2.50, formal and anything; tulips, $1.50, with dinner jacket; freesia and acacia, $1.50, street and travel; Talisman roses and acacia, $2, street and evening clothes; yellow roses and freesia, $2, street wear; daffodils, $1.50, strictly Easter Parade. (Not shown but available: orchids, $5 each; orchid and lillies-of-the-valley, $7.50.)

FLOWERS FOR EASTER
No other phase of floriculture must toe the date-line like the Easter flower business.

TULIPS
The bulbs were buried before last year's frost.

LILIES
Legend says they grew in Christ's footsteps.

CRIME

Margiotti vs. Maxey

Last week frozen-faced State Trooper Anthony Sanute, second man to be tried for the third-degree killing of the 64-year-old Uniontown hotel proprietor Frank Monaghan last September, slipped quietly out of court a free man. After 26 hours of wrangling, the jury, unable to reach a verdict, stood at nine for second degree murder, one for manslaughter, two for acquittal. Whereupon Supreme Court Justice George W. Maxey ordered Sanute freed. Speechless with fury, prosecuting Attorney General Charles J. Margiotti stalked from the courtroom, later denounced Justice Maxey's procedure as "unwarranted, unprecedented, unlawful and the greatest abuse of power ever exercised in the State of Pennsylvania by a trial judge. His action will go down in the annals of Pennsylvania history as Pennsylvania's greatest miscarriage of justice."

This second Monaghan trial had seen constant outbreaks of hostility between Justice Maxey, Republican, and Attorney General Margiotti, Republican-turned-Democrat, both of whom are reputed gubernatorial candidates. At one point Margiotti threatened to drop out of the case entirely. Hard-boiled Justice Maxey, who was suffering from a toothache, harassed Margiotti with constant interruptions as to the relevancy of certain testimony and as to the length of time the prosecution was taking. Once he snapped: "I will not permit you to create a false impression with this witness. I am here to protect this witness and this defendant."

The trial brought to light little new evidence that had not been covered in the trial that had a few weeks before convicted Trooper Stacey Gunderman of second degree murder (WTP, March 6).* The defense attempted to show that Trooper Sanute was not in the room when Monaghan died—a moot point confused by much conflicting testimony. Monaghan's reputation was further blackened. Shouted one defense attorney: "Men 63 years old don't take 19-year-old girls on a 15-mile ride just for a loaf of bread."

On the stand, thin-lipped Anthony Sanute testified that he had been out of the Bertillon room where Monaghan died for only five minutes. He admitted that he had not told his superiors the whole story of the third degree death because when he made his report "he was not aware that Trooper Gunderman had mauled the prisoner in self-defense." He said that he had placed his gun in a dresser drawer for fear that Monaghan might snatch it from his holster. Asked Margiotti: "Was there any blood on it?" Replied Sanute: "No. There never was any blood on it." To other Margiotti questions, Sanute answered "I don't know" and "I'm not sure."

To Justice Maxey's warmly expressed consternation, Attorney General Margiotti took five hours to sum up his case for the state. One of his main points was that Monaghan was attacked, not with hands, because there would have been marks on them, but with something else. Sanute's revolver was in the room, and a stool had blood on it. Anticipating that Justice Maxey would criticize "ear witnesses" for not summoning help when they heard Monaghan's pleas, he explained: "Where were these people to go? Monaghan was in the custody of the district attorney, the chief law officer of the county; the State Police were there, an assistant county detective was there, a deputy sheriff was there and the city police were in and about the building. I suppose they would have to summon the G-men from Washington."

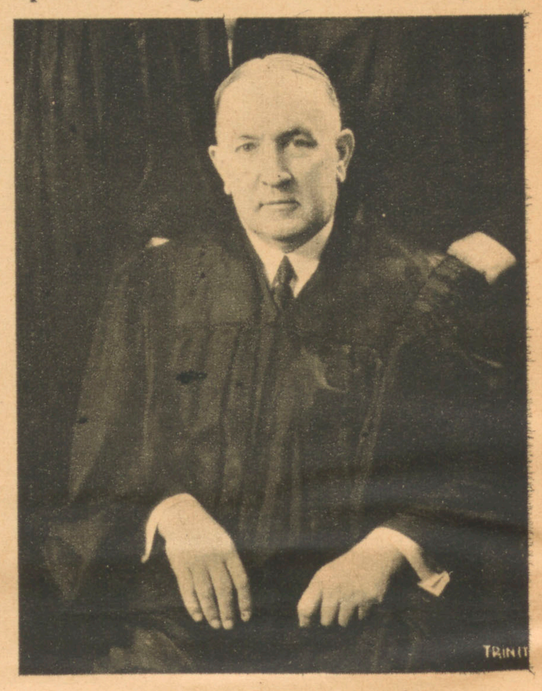
Most dramatic scene in the trial came, not while court was in session, but while Margiotti was sitting in the courtroom waiting for the verdict and discussing the case with newshawks. Trooper Sanute wandered into the room, appeared embarrassed for a moment, but sat down and lighted a cigaret. Soon he and Margiotti were conversing cordially. Eventually Sanute spoke up: "Charlie, I don't fear the truth, but I do fear lies. These hands are clean of blood. My conscience is clear. Do you believe I lied?" There was no change of expression on Attorney General Margiotti's face as he answered grimly: "Don't ask me to say, Tony. That's a question I don't want to be asked now."

Justice Maxey's charge to the jury consumed more than four hours, almost as long as Margiotti's closing speech he had complained about. Said he: "There is not in this case one particle of legal proof or one legitimate legal inference that the defendant unlawfully killed Frank C. Monaghan, or that he engaged in any conspiracy to do so." After he directed the jury to acquit Sanute, he explained to them: "I am sure that had you understood the testimony as I have understood it after days and nights of study you would have returned a verdict in much less time."

Though Margiotti made no move against Maxey immediately, it was suggested that he might seek that the House impeach him or ask Maxey's Supreme Court associates to withdraw him as judge of the coming five trials, first of which is scheduled for April 19, when District Attorney James A. Reilly, the case's most important political figure, will be the defendant. Meantime Justice Maxey's hometown newspaper, the *Scranton Times*, called upon the Legislature to investigate his handling of the Somerset case. It editorialized: "There is great need of a restoration of confidence in courts and judges. Whether there was prejudice, and finally a violent abuse of power by Maxey, as asserted by the Attorney General, ought to be cleared up in the interest of law and justice . . . The Supreme Court should instantly recognize the further ineligibility of such political clowns to try the remaining defendants in the Monaghan case."

* Convicted of second-degree murder, Stacey Gunderman faces a maximum sentence of 10 to 20 years, but Chief Defense Counsel John Duggan, Jr., has filed a motion for a new trial.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
At one point he threatened to drop out entirely.



JUSTICE MAXEY
His hometown newspaper called for an investigation.

Mrs. Karmendi's Affair (Cont'd)

Twice convicted of the murder of her 3-year-old son, Matthew, frail, moronic Mrs. Margaret Karmendi faced a judge in a Blair County courtroom last week, heard herself sentenced to death in the electric chair.

As her doom was sealed news arrived in the cell of her one-time lover, Roy Lockard, to have been electrocuted this week for the same crime, that he had been given a respite until May by the Governor.

Arrested last April shortly after young Matthew died in an Altoona hospital, both first confessed beating the child to death with a spike because the infant was a hindrance to their romance. Later retracting their statements, each blamed the other, stood separate trials, were quickly convicted of deliberate murder. Given a second trial, Mrs. Karmendi was again found guilty, will be the second woman to die in the chair if the sentence is carried out.

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FOR SUPER MELLOW PERFECT TASTING WHISKEY
86 PROOF—80% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS

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ALCOHOL 20% By VOLUME
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CINEMA

New Films in Pennsylvania

Women of Glamour (Columbia) considers the heartbreak of a sincere artist (Melvyn Douglas) whose work is taken lightly. In the opening scene he dashes his Scotch & soda against his brainchild when the comments he hears prove banal. Then he rushes out to his car with a bottle and drives wildly away. During this midnight jaunt he encounters Gloria (Virginia Bruce) escaping from a party which bored her, and when next morning he de-

VIRGINIA BRUCE
She goes so far as to take off her false eyebrows.

cides to paint another picture and try harder, she becomes his model. Gloria works in a night club. Though she is not given to illusions, for some mysterious reason she falls in love with the tedious artist, who half-heartedly tries to improve her, along with his art. She goes so far as to take off her false eyebrows and diminish her lipstick when she learns these things offend him. Eventually she wins him away from the intolerant society girl who was his fiancee, ending a stilted opus full of phoney glamour.

Wings of the Morning (New World). Report has it that there is something about England's atmosphere that makes it more suitable than the U. S. for color photography. True or not, there is no doubt that *Wings of the Morning*, England's first Technicolor picture, is the most successful color film to date—so successful and lifelike that the color does not intrude upon the cinema-goer's consciousness. Its tinted surfaces are vivid with gypsies, Irish hunters, girls in boys' clothing and effective landscape shots.

Wings of the Morning also marks the English-speaking debut of the charming French gamin Annabella, who year ago scored a triumph in the leading role of Rene Clair's riotous Continental cinema farce *Le Milion*. Here she plays a gypsy-girl who arrives in Ireland disguised as a boy, persuades Henry Fonda to ready her fleet horse for the Derby. When she accidentally discloses her sex, Fonda loses his heart to her, only to find that if her horse wins she will marry another. Self-sacrificial Fonda does his best for the gypsy horse, watches it win the Derby. But he wins Annabella nevertheless. No bare story outline can convey the invigorating beauty and charm of this simple little romance.

Trouble in Morocco (Columbia) belongs to the new Hollywood film cycle dedicated to foreign correspondents — blythe and foot-loose newshawks who presumably skip around the other hemisphere, usually in the wake of some imperialistic venture, uncovering mares' nests and seldom bothering to wire their offices, except when their expense money runs out. In *Trouble in Morocco* Jack Holt and Mae Clarke, as rival reporters, track down a matter of rifle-smuggling in the desert.

Strangers on a Honeymoon (Gaumont-British). A New England maid named October Jones (Constance Cummings) remarks that she would sooner marry the first tramp who comes along than Sam Wasser, the bumptious bumpkin of Cedar Ridge. The first tramp turns out to be Lord Quigley (Hugh Sinclair), owner of a third of a deed to an oil-rich island, who is being hunted down for his fragment of the will by gunmen employed by a ruthless cousin. In an alcoholic state, he marries the village maid and together they escape from her outraged relatives and his murderous cousin.

Based on Edgar Wallace's *The Northring Tramp, Strangers on a Honeymoon* marks the first time British producers have attempted to do a film with a rural U. S. background. So besides a plethora of heavy-handed whimsy, the film is distinguished by some quaint notions concerning America. For example, the film has one U. S. citizen refer to a ham as a "porker's posterior."

SPORT

Houck of State

The best Eastern college boxing team this year, as it has been in many a past season, was undoubtedly Penn State. In dual meets the Nittany boxers overwhelmed Navy, Syracuse, Army, Western Maryland and other strong Eastern League teams. Penn State's wrestling team ranked second-best, for it suffered an early-season loss to a strong Princeton squad.

If the colleges involved settled their championship on this dual meet basis, there would be no need for further contests to decide the crown. But for some reason college officials insist on a final sports extravaganza — the Intercollegiate championship eliminations.

In these eliminations circumstances often make inferior teams winners of the intercollegiate title. A case in point was last week's meet, in which Penn State was both winner and loser.

At Bethlehem its wrestling team won five individual championships, which meant winning the team title with the biggest number of points (25) since the eliminations have been held. Penn State's biggest break occurred when two finalists forfeited because of injuries. Lehigh was second; Princeton, State's earlier conqueror, was third.

Beaming Coach Charles Speidel, a Nordic double for Wrestler Jim Londos, could count his champions: Aldo Zazzi, 135; John Light, 145; Joseph Krupa, 165; Ross Shaffer, 175; Joseph O'Dowd, unlimited. Lehigh's only champion was their 3-time champion, Rudolph Ashman, 126.

Less fortunate in his treatment at the hands of the sports gods was Penn State's famed Boxing Coach Leo Houck who, with the best team in his 15 years at State, saw his team lose to Syracuse by 25 points to 26—though it had beaten Syra-

COACH HOUCK
Saw an ironic repetition of his own career.

cuse before in a dual meet, 5½ to 2½. Syracuse's biggest break was an unbelievably lucky draw which placed five Syracuse men in the semi-finals without their having to put on a glove, while State's boxers spent themselves in eliminations.

On champions the two schools came out even with three apiece. Penn State's title holders were Frank Goodman, 135; Billy Soose, 155; Izzy Richter, heavyweight. The other Pennsylvania winner was Tony Sala, 175, of Villanova.

Houck. To Coach Houck these circumstances must have had a familiar ironic ring. For they were a repetition of the type of circumstance which during his boxing career prevented him from becoming a world champion while he was undoubtedly the best man in his class.

First enticed into the prize ring by a $1.50 purse, the 16-year-old Lancaster stripling soon developed into a first rate middleweight. In London in 1912 he outfought Harry Lewis in 20 gruelling rounds to become European Champion.

Never U. S. champion, Houck's sole consolation was his certain superiority over two champions who refused to meet him. Over Champion George Chip, Houck held seven consecutive decisions; over Champion Johnny Wilson, two decisions.

Past his prime when he met Gene Tunney, Houck nevertheless retained sufficient skill to earn a draw against the man who was later to become heavyweight champion and conqueror of the hitherto impregnable Jack Dempsey. In 200 professional battles, Houck never suffered a single knockout.

In his 15 years at Penn State in addition to triumphs of a fortnight ago, Houck-coached teams have taken the eastern team title six times, individual eastern championships 32 times and have won 65 dual meets against 32 losses.

In 1932, two Penn State boxers won national titles; last year, one (Frank Goodman, lightweight) came away with a national championship.

Best paying Penn State winter sport, boxing attracts capacity crowds of some 6,000 to well equipped Recreation Hall where Coach Houck may be found most any weekday making life miserable for his opponent on a handball court.

When a V. M. I. boxer died recently following a bout, Leo Houck was one of the first to come to the defense of collegiate boxing.

His recommendations, which intercollegiate boxing officials quickly adopted, include 12-ounce gloves instead of the present 10-ounce "pillows," halting of bouts in which the opponents seem unmatched, age-classifications in amateur boxing to prevent undeveloped youths from being pummelled at the hands of older adversaries.

No pugilistic Dracula, Houck dislikes bloody bouts, teaches his pupils that the best offense is a straight left hand and an airtight defense.

Most collegiate boxers fail miserably as professionals. A Houck graduate, Heavyweight Steve Hamas, caused a considerable furore in pro ranks until almost decimated at the hands of Max Schmeling in a bout in Berlin. Since then, he has never returned to the ring.

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CHANGE

Appointed. Dr. Marion Rex Trabue, 46, director of the division of education at the University of North Carolina; to be dean of the School of Education at Penn State, succeeding Dean Will Grant Chambers, retiring after 50 years of academic work.

Appointed. Justin Shore, managing director of New York City's Uptown Retail Guild; to be managing director of the Philadelphia Merchants Association.

Appointed. Three judges to serve until next January on the bench of a sixth Common Pleas Court created in Philadelphia by the Legislature. Named president of the new court by Governor Earle, Curtis Bok resigned as judge of the Philadelphia Orphans' Court to accept, was succeeded by Grover C. Ladner, deputy attorney general *(see Page 18)*. Also appointed: Gerald P. Flood, deputy attorney general assigned to the Department of Banking; Louis E. Levinthal, special counsel for the Public Service Commission in the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company revaluation.

JUDGE BOK
Resigned from Orphans' Court to head a new court.

Elected. William D. Ridgway, resigned member of the Board of Montgomery County Commissioners; to be vice-president of the Jenkintown Bank and Trust Company.

Elected. To be directors of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania: Arthur C. Dorrance, president of the Campbell Soup Company; Walter S. Franklin, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Ralph E. Weeks, president of the International Correspondence School.

Confirmed. Lawrence Washington Earle, 13, third son of Governor and Mrs. Earle; by the Rt. Rev. Wyatt Brown, Episcopal Bishop of the Harrisburg Diocese, at Harrisburg.

Recommended. Federal commission to fix workers' hours and wages, safeguard labor's collective bargaining rights; by delegates from 16 Pennsylvania colleges at an assembly at Penn State.

Accepted. Former Treasury Secretary A. W. Mellon's offer to the nation of a $65,000,000 art gallery at Washington; by Congress after administration leaders rode down objections in the Senate to the Mellon-drawn plan of operating the gallery.

• • •

Upheld. Pittsburgh Federal District Court decision refunding $390,289 to Andrew W. Mellon and the estate of his late brother, R. B. Mellon; by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Philadelphia. Both courts held illegal tax assessments on pre-prohibition income from A. Overholt and Company and the West Overton Distilling Company. Reason: both companies were in liquidation at the time of the assessments.

A. W. MELLON
In one week, a $65,000,000 gift, a $390,000 rebate.

Feted. Larry Kelley, Yale's most talked of athlete in many a year; at a testimonial dinner in his home town of Williamsport, where he was graduated from high school four years before entering Yale, attended by friends, neighbors, sports personages from all parts of the State.

Destroyed. Laundry building at the Danville State Hospital; by fire that caused damage estimated at $75,000.

Sued. Mrs. Minnie Pearl Slocum McMillen; by Mrs. Minnie Pearl Slocum McMillen, for $18,000. Administratrix of her late husband's estate, Mrs. McMillen sued herself, claimed her spouse promised her $1,000 a year if she would marry him, presented a contract signed on the eve of their wedding in 1918 to prove it, said she was never paid.

Sentenced. Frank Selma, 24; to death in the electric chair for the murder in Northumberland County of Joseph Doyle after a dispute over $1.25.

Paroled. Eddie Peyton, Pittsburgh entertainer and night club owner; from the Allegheny County jail at the expiration of the minimum of a one-to-three year sentence for assault and battery. Freed, Maestro Peyton faced a suit for $25,000 damages filed by Engineer Leonard C. Calder, whom the band leader was convicted of assaulting.

Wed. Donald Mitchell Oenslager, former Harrisburger, outstanding stage designer of the season; to Miss Mary Osborn Polak, New York socialite, at New York.

Died. Curtis L. Webb, 70, Meadville attorney, pioneer Crawford County Democrat, former state committeeman; of a heart attack in Meadville City Hospital.

Died. Clarence Snyder, secretary of Local No. 44, International Molders Union of North America; of self-inflicted gunshot wounds at Topton day after he went on trial with 15 others for rioting in a strike at the Topton Stove Works.

Died. The Very Rev. Patrick McHale, 83, former assistant to the superior general of the Congregation of the Missions in Paris; in a Philadelphia hospital.

Died. Dr. Edward Roberts Plank, 58, former president of the Carlisle Board of Health, first commander of the Carlisle American Legion; of pneumonia, at Carlisle.

Died. John M. Zook, 94, Civil War veteran, one-time bicycle racer, known in Philadelphia as the city's oldest football fan; at his home in Philadelphia.

Died. Joseph Seligman, Jr., 20-year-old Swarthmore College student who left the campus three months ago to fight in Spain for the loyalists; of a bullet wound in a Madrid hospital.

Died. Donald Paxton McPherson, 67, president judge of the courts of Adams and Fulton Counties for 20 years, descendant of a pioneer Adams County family, of a heart attack in his home in Gettysburg. Graduate of Harvard Law School, Judge McPherson was a former Assemblyman and State Senator. He retired from the bench in January, 1936.

Died. Walter Griffith Powell, Pittsburgh attorney, authority on Colonial history, descendant of Pioneer Thomas Powell, William Penn colleague; of pneumonia in Allegheny General Hospital, Pittsburgh.

THE LAW

Barristers' Bill

Of the several thousand bills introduced into the House of Representatives by methodical Pennsylvania legislators, many are routine measures which arouse no debate, make little newspaper copy. In this class is the series of "validating acts" sponsored by Beaver County's Democratic Italian-born Representative Eugene A. Caputo, designed to make better-late-than-never correction of technical legal errors committed by townships & boroughs.

Illustrative of the lot is Caputo Bill No. 232—"An Act validating municipal claims of boroughs where not filed within the time specified by law."

Many seats to the right of Caputo, where a few survivors hold the Republican fort, sit Delaware County's portly Ellwood Jackson Turner and his colleague Thomas Weidemann. Mildly irked by Caputo's tedious piece-meal list of "validating acts," Republican Leader Turner devised a mild revenge, induced blue-goggled Representative Weidemann to father it.

Now in the maze of legislative machinery, awaiting a turn that will never come, is their joint product, the shortest-titled bill ("An Act to cure lawyers' mistakes") to be introduced this session.

Explains 54-year-old Joker Weidemann: "The bill speaks for itself—short and to the point . . . Lawyers can't bury their mistakes like doctors."

Unburdened by provisions, the full act reads: "Be it enacted . . . that all mistakes by lawyers are hereby erased, and all dates where papers were filed too late by lawyers are hereby jacked up to accord with the statute; but everyone else shall be required to abide by the letter and spirit of the laws. This statute shall work prospectively and retroactively forever."

MUSIC

Moravian Music

Among the oldest girl's schools in the country is the Moravian Seminary and College for Women at Bethlehem. One of its buildings was used as a hospital for colonial troops during the Revolution. Washington, Lafayette, Pulaksi galloped down historic old Church Street that fronts its campus.

Alma mater of many a noted American lady, the school numbers among its honorary degree holders such top rank grand dames as Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt and Mrs. August Belmont, both of whom are on a committee headed by Bethlehem Steel President Eugene S. Grace which is out to enrich the school's none too bulging treasury.

To Committee-members Roosevelt, Belmont and Grace last week came glad tidings. Tall, genial School President Edwin J. Heath announced a gift of $125,000 to erect a new music building on the hillside campus overlooking the Lehigh River.

Donor was Miss Ina L. Thursby, of New York, honorary alumna, sister of the late colorotura soprano, Emma Cecilia Thursby, in whose memory the building will be erected.

Songstress Thursby went to Moravian Seminary from 1857 to 1860, left there to blaze a brilliant career through the concert halls of the United States and Europe, where she became the first American singer admitted to France's Society of Artist Musicians.

Mementoes of Songstress Thursby to be preserved in the new building include letters and testimonials from most of the famed musicians of the 19th century, signed photos of King Oscar of Sweden, King Christian of Denmark.

Primarily designed to house the school's music department, the new Thursby Hall will also be a music center for residents of the quaint old Moravian community. The internationally known Bach Choir, which has rehearsed in the chapel of the old seminary ever since it was organized, will use Thursby Hall for future rehearsals.

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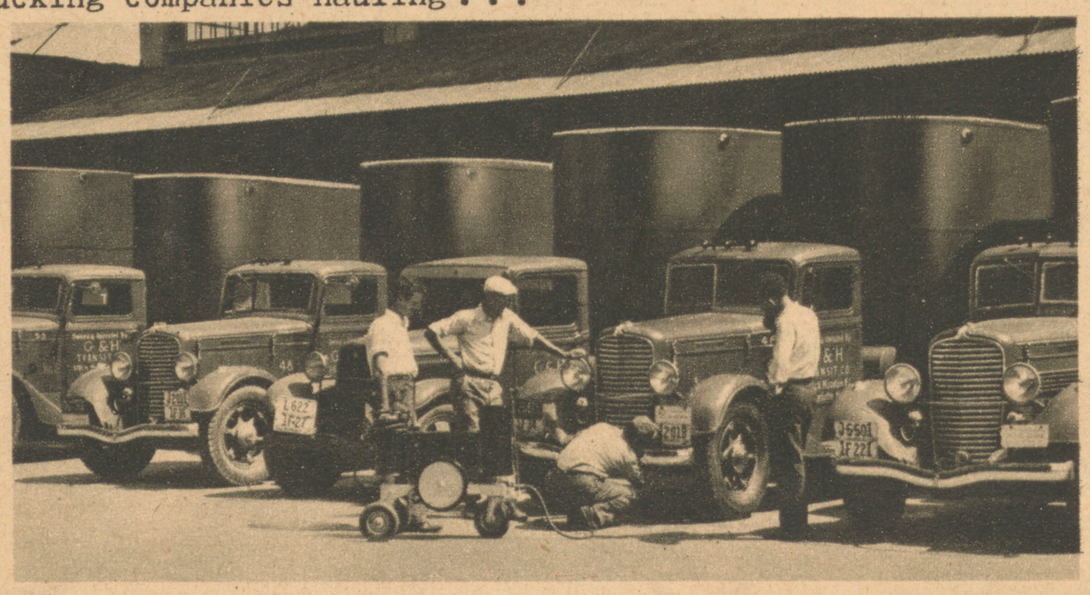

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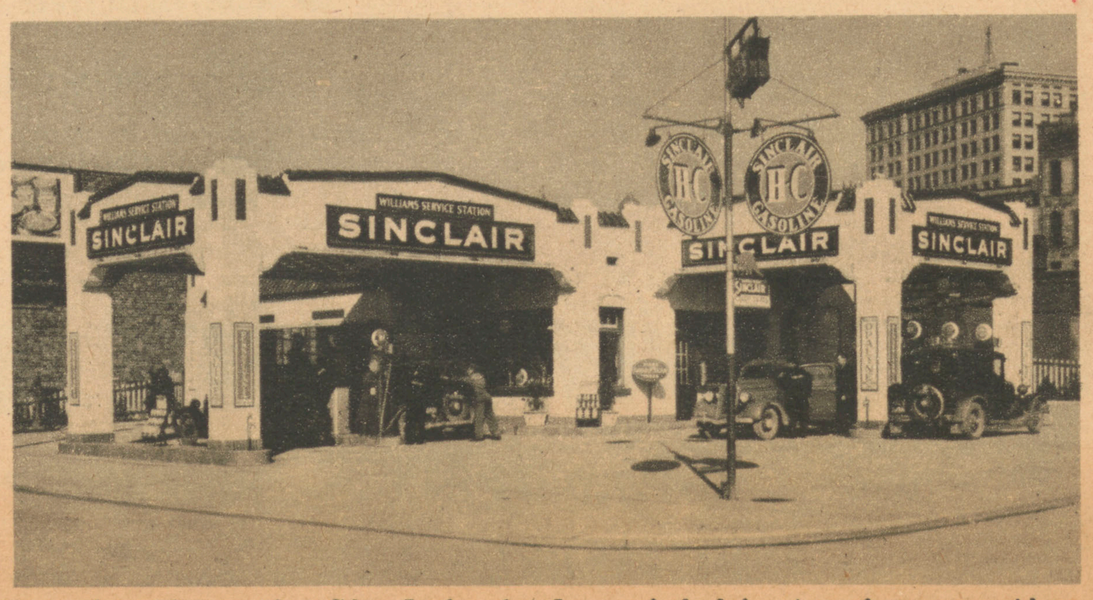

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